

# THE *Canadian* FORUM

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## Notes On A Recording Career

JOHN BECKWITH

► AROUND THE TIME this appears in print, Glenn Gould will have just finished recording his tenth disc for the Columbia Masterworks label—Schoenberg's *Piano Concerto Opus 42* with Robert Craft conducting the CBC Symphony Orchestra. Gould is almost unique among North American pianists in that his reputation has grown more through records than through concerts. Gould's international career began, not with contest-winning and steady promotion through small-town tours to the bigger-town ones, but rather with a single Washington concert in 1955. This was talked up sufficiently to create interest in his subsequent New York debut. At that debut, a representative of Columbia Records was on hand and immediately offered Gould a generous long-term contract. That this recording executive knew what he was doing is obvious from the tremendous—and continuing—success of the very first Gould recording for Columbia, the *Goldberg Variations* of Bach. Gould has gone on making records for Columbia, at the rate of about two a year. None of the later discs has achieved the great public impact of the *Goldberg Variations* one. Some have been musically debatable—sometimes oddly, by reason of an unsuitable choice of pieces. Nevertheless all have been lively, definite, and inescapable. Gould as recording pianist has what corresponds to "readability" in a novelist: his performances leap off the turntable as a readable novel leaps off the page.

Here are the works he has so far recorded for Columbia:

Bach: *Goldberg Variations*; *Partitas* Nos. 1, 2, 5, and 6; Two fugues from *The Well-Tempered Clavier*; *Italian Concerto*; *Clavier Concertos* in D minor and F minor.  
 Beethoven: *Sonatas* Opus 109, 110, and 111; *Concertos* Nos. 1, 2, and 3.  
 Mozart: *Sonata* (K. 330); *Fantasia and Fugue* (K. 394).  
 Haydn: *Sonata* No. 1 in E flat.  
 Berg: *Sonata* Opus 1.  
 Krenek: *Sonata* No. 3.  
 Schoenberg: *Three Piano Pieces*, Opus 11.

Some pre-Columbian (or, more exactly, non-Columbian) discs made by Gould are interesting, first of all, because in two instances they offer earlier versions of works on the above list. Bach's *Fifth Partita* was done for the CBC International Service transcription library, and Berg's *Sonata Opus 1* for the Toronto firm of Hallmark. The CBC and Hallmark catalogues also offer the only chamber work in which Gould has so far partici-

pated on disc; the only Canadian-composed work he has ever played publicly, aside from his own little 12-tone piano pieces, now withdrawn from his repertoire; and the only really cheap music he has ever been associated with professionally. The CBC had him do the *Brahms F minor Quintet* with the Montreal Quartet and the *Piano Fantasy* of Oskar Morawetz; for Hallmark he consented to accompany the violinist Albert Pratz in a group of pieces so undistinguished it would be mean to enumerate them here.

That completes the Gould discography, though I should perhaps add that Columbia has now brought out a recording of his own principal composition, the sweet, Regerian *String Quartet No. 1*, played by the Symphonia Quartet of Cleveland. As done by the Montreal Quartet, this work is also found in the CBC International-Service catalogue.

Comparison of the two recorded versions of the Bach and Berg pieces is a useful way of observing change in an artist who has otherwise scarcely ever stayed put long enough to be measured. In the *Partita*, the differences lie mostly in the realm of ornamentation—the later version has fewer trills and graces. The later version also shows a more marked reliance on the heavy-finger staccato in fast contrapuntal passages which has become a Gould trademark. (This trademark shows especially in left-hand passages; Gould is left-handed, by the way.)

Timing the two versions of the Berg *Sonata* for a broadcast lately, I found the opening section of the piece to be three-quarters of a minute slower in the Columbia version than in the earlier Hallmark version. The figures

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were: Columbia—3'12"; Hallmark—2'37". The piece did not really *sound* slower in the Columbia version; it was just a case of a more mannered presentation of the pauses, a bolder exaggeration of the stops and starts of phrases.

These comparisons did illuminate for me a curious facet of Gould's temperament. When he has formed his view of a piece he is playing, the more he plays it the more that view tends to receive an exaggerated driving-home. He is not like those virtuosos whose repertoire-staples "never vary" in performance: he changes a good deal, generally in the direction of intensification. Having decided and insisted, he then gives up the piece—or at least gives it a rest, which seems logical and human of him.

Where he fails artistically is in pieces where he makes irrational decisions; here the exaggeration and insistence which follow become, if not embarrassing, at least hard to construe. His late-Beethoven sonata disc contained some misconceptions of tempo or structure (later pages of the Opus 110 finale); some outright insensitivities (first movement of Opus 111); and some mugging (variation-theme of Opus 109). The insensitivities Gould once explained, in a conversation reported to me, as impatience: "It's such a bad piece; I want to get on to the finale." In the mugging instance, though, he is not alone: in the same passage, so celebrated a Beethoven-player as Artur Schnabel is preserved for posterity in the act of distorting the tempo almost as much as Gould does.

The announcement of the Haydn-Mozart disc a few years ago was a big surprise, since for some time Gould had carried on a one-man Mozart-debunking campaign. In a CBC interview William Krehm once wittily asked him: "What's between you and Mozart?" Gould used to declare among professional musicians that, among other things, Mozart's harmonic sense is frequently faulty. In 1955, in a program-note on Beethoven's *Second Concerto* he tried to reconcile his own feeling for the piece with its obvious Mozartisms. He regretted that, in our time,

... having ... canonized the rococo ... we have absolved that era of the genteel and gallant of its sin of skin-deep dexterity, and have rendered homage [to the Beethoven concerto] ... with that most damning of epithets, "charm."

The Mozart he gives in his playing of K. 330 is indeed a thin-blooded creature. And the minuet movement of the accompanying Haydn sonata is almost a parody of the tinkling superficiality associated in cut-rate culture courses with the term "rococo." The opening movement of the same Haydn work draws by far the most interesting performance. It begins with a mechanical, almost ascetic, certainly nervously speedy, statement of themes; but glows with contrapuntal life in the development of these, with warmth in the revealing gesture just before the themes return, with broadening freedom in the coda (which, incidentally, becomes cadenza-like). Here is advance indication that Gould might become the pianist to reveal lost treasures in other Haydn sonata-movements.

The Beethoven concerto series started with Gould's favorite, No. 2. The three so far available offer finales of driving excitement, slow movements of an expressive but slightly sickly slowness, and, most rewardingly, first movements of model classical balance. No. 2 is the best, because Gould mentally directs the music towards the

cadenza, and here Beethoven's cadenza is full of the sort of contrapuntal by-play Gould's fingers revel in. His attempt to apply the same treatment in his own cadenza for the *Concerto No. 1* fails, because, as Helmut Kallmann painstakingly showed in his *Canadian Music Journal* review, the rhythms of all the main themes in the first movement of No. 1 are all quite square and regularly pulsating (in fact they are all practically identical): the cadenza should offer relief by way of relaxed, fantasia-like, broken-line rhythms, rather than, as Gould's cadenza does, combining the existing pulsating themes with one another in a continuous hammering insistence of counterpoint. Tick-tock is an interesting, but surely a limited, rhythmic idea.

The idea of pointing the concerto first-movement form—that most pat but most satisfying of classical musical formulae—towards the cadenza, is a sound one. The cadenza is where the soloist in effect holds his combatants at bay by some apothecic wizardry based on the themes they have been hurling at each other. The control with which Gould evolves the cadenza of the *Third Concerto*, the way his thematic sense makes you aware of its integration in that complex first movement—these are binding devices of a brain extraordinarily perceptive to the train of musical continuity. (But the most striking example of Gould's musical binding and construction-hewing in cadenzas is, to my thinking, in the first movement of Bach's *Brandenburg Concerto No. 5*—a piece he should record soon.)

As a concert artist, Gould's mainstays are Bach and Viennese moderns. The first is well reflected on discs; and with the new Schoenberg recording Columbia moves a step further towards adequate reflection of the second. The single Krenek-Berg-Schoenberg disc available at time of writing is a model of conviction and penetration in the playing of new music. The Schoenberg is here taken for what it surely is—one of the half-dozen *sui-generis* piano masterpieces of this century. A trill passage in the second of these three Schoenberg pieces, as played by Gould, produces as vivid a musical experience as I have ever received from a recording. Though this performance may not equal in insight Eduard Steuermann's best, it certainly surpasses in almost every respect the veteran Viennese pianist's late recording, also done for Columbia. Similarly, Ernst Krenek's *Sonata No. 3* is done by Gould more clearly and more persuasively than in Krenek's own version. Some reviewers felt Gould made this piece sound better than it is. He makes it sound to me like the epitome of a restless, between-wars nostalgia: this is a quite possible view of the piece; at least there is nothing distorted in it to my ears.

The newer music brings out in Gould's playing a delicate expressiveness which belies his frequent anti-expressive comments about performance being only a matter of notes and so on. There seems to me something almost Strindbergian in the expressive intensity—the magnifying, as it were, of minute emotional detail—which he reveals in these pieces (particularly in them, though also in Bach and Beethoven at times). I find the same quality in the spell-binding romanticism of Lois Marshall's singing; professional theory-spinners may like to relate it to the common East-Toronto Anglo-Saxon upbringing of these two artists.

Gould's recording career has centred on Bach. The Bach disc I have treasured most from him is, I think, the

*Sixth Partita*—with its uncanny recitative-like sarabande, and its lean-sounding gigue in which Gould, with justification, finds foreshadowings of Anton Webern's "pointillist" style of counterpoint.

Gould is not only a persuasive Bach player but a well-read one; and this may make one wonder why he does not adopt the organ or harpsichord for his Bach performances, rather than the unauthentic piano. He played the organ a bit in his student days. To my knowledge, though, he has never played the harpsichord; but while he claims to be uninterested in it, his playing often suggests or directly depicts harpsichord effects. Terraced dynamics and a pedal-produced harpsichord-like "ring" are found in his *Goldberg Variations* recording for instance; and in part of the *First Partita* he repeats a phrase an octave higher in imitation of the "four-foot" tone obtainable on harpsichord (or organ).

The whole question came to a head last August in Stratford when Gould unveiled a new "Bach piano" built by Steinway's—a smaller-than-concert-sized grand piano whose hammers have been tipped with T-shaped steel pins in order to simulate the clicking action of the harpsichord. Probably future Gould recordings of Bach will be made on this piano; personally I hope not. Clicking is not basic to the harpsichord's tone, only a by-product of its attack. More serious, the clicks greatly handicap Gould's legato style—the trait which made, for instance, his playing of the 25th *Goldberg* variation such a *tour-de-force* of sustained musical immobility (he takes fully two minutes longer over this variation than Landowska).

Gould has often spoken of retiring from the concert field to concentrate on recording. He will probably continue to do both, since both seem necessary to him at present. His recordings should eventually—one hopes, soon—embrace more of his modern repertoire, such as the Hindemith sonatas, Webern's *Variations Opus 27*, certainly more Schoenberg. Meanwhile we will probably have contrasting fare in the form of the *Eroica Variations* and some Brahms; and no doubt he'll have to get Strauss out of his system by recording the *Burleske*. It will all be, even if debatable, impossible to ignore.

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## HI-FI FAN

Her ear ranges ethereal prairies  
to rope in, sleek and bright,  
the pedigree decibels.

They browse among aural herbs  
but at the tackle of man  
with his bravura array  
of tuner, tone-arm, pre-amp,  
they take fright, stampede fortissimi  
into hiss, hum, crackle.

She renounces then all discs,  
will play deaf to the scared chords  
orbiting her spindle at 33 r.p.m.  
Rather, would she bind wild notes  
with a lariat of tape  
and gently, easily, would drive  
the frisking herd  
captive into her apartment to mate  
and breed, in peace, pure sounds.

*Peter Miller*

## DISPLAY OF MASKS

Behind this wood, these make-believes,  
we have since the sea's first tide  
hidden away ourselves like thieves;  
if selves we have had, to hide.

Man into demon, foe into friend,  
woman into witch or fox;  
all of us into a strange end  
have paddled our paradox.

In every continent, it seems,  
we have not dared to wear  
only our frown to still our screams,  
our smile to melt our despair.

But a wooden skin, a plaster mask,  
has fronted our head of bone.  
And a second face is little to ask,  
that we may not die alone.

*Peter Miller*

## THE ARBUTUS TREE

O strange tormented tree;  
What vile acid is there in your sap  
that twists your limbs  
to such rheumatic claws?  
What desperate evil were you guilty of  
when first your seed found lodging  
on the new convulsive Earth?  
A dire crime it must have been  
that you should be condemned for ever  
to such exquisite torture.  
And is there no relief?  
No expiation in the pass of time?  
Therein the ultimate cruelty lies—  
that each new seed  
must bear a blighted germ.

*Philip Hildred*

## Architecture In Guelph

J. A. S. EVANS

► ANY STRANGER who visited Guelph, Ontario, fifty years ago, must have thought he was in a remarkable community. Its neighboring cities, Kitchener, Galt and Waterloo, had main streets that looked as if they had been laid out by wandering cows in the early half of the nineteenth century; in contrast, Guelph was planned with its streets radiating from central squares in a manner which at least one early American traveller compared with Washington. In the nineteenth century, Guelph had a number of Scottish stone masons, plus a good supply of local limestone, and the result was that many of the city's stone buildings showed considerable architectural distinction. Our stranger fifty years ago could have started with the Market Square, which was closed along one side by the City Hall, built in 1856 to a design by William Thomas, who is better known as the architect of St. Michael's Cathedral and St. Lawrence Market in Toronto. Rising up on a hill at the end of Macdonnell Street was the Roman Catholic Church, which was intended, as local legend has it, to look like Cologne Cathedral, but the finished product turned out differently.

In the centre of the city was St. George's Square, where the founder of Guelph had intended the Anglican Church to stand, but by the time our stranger fifty years ago had visited the city, this church (another William Thomas design, though it was never completed) had been pulled down and replaced by a fountain and a little park. It was still a remarkable gem to find in any Ontario city. To the north was the Post Office, a good piece of institutional architecture built in local stone. On the west was a dressed-stone, Georgian mansion housing the Bank of Montreal, and on the east, another bank was housed in a Scottish baronial structure, complete with bartizan.

If the stranger wanted to continue his architectural tour, he might drop in at the Royal Opera House, with its florid Scottish baronial facade, or visit the Court House, built shortly after 1840 to a design by the Edinburgh-trained architect, David Allan. More than one stranger in the past century made this sort of tour in Guelph. Perhaps the first was the court reporter of the *St. James Chronicle* who accompanied the Prince of Wales (later Edward VII) on his North American tour. He made a hurried visit to Guelph, noted the City Hall and the Anglican Church (the unfinished William Thomas design) and the Court House, and left with a very flattering opinion of the city.

Up until last year, no one would have found Guelph changed too much. The Royal Opera house had been demolished, and on its site stood a department store in modern architecture at its most tasteless. The Post Office had become the Customs House, and the fountain and park in the centre of St. George's Square was condemned as a traffic hazard. The park disappeared, and the fountain was banished to a back street where it leaked disconsolately under a few straggling trees. Guelph's good taste in architecture of a hundred years ago seems to have disappeared, however. Few of the new buildings in the city show much acquaintance with the best of modern design.

In 1960, the Customs House on St. George's Square came on the market. The federal government had no further use for it, and since it occupied a valuable site, it was easy to find a buyer. But it meant that the old Customs House would come down, and the architectural harmony of the square would be destroyed. The picture grew darker when it was learned that the building which was to go up on the Customs House site would be a new Bank of Montreal, and in 1961, the Georgian mansion on the square which houses the present Bank of Montreal would be wrecked to make way for another department store.

The case of the Customs House soon became a burning question in Guelph during the summer of 1960. The *Guelph Mercury*, a Thomson newspaper, put up a defence of it, but feebly, as if the editor knew the battle was lost before he began. The rival morning newspaper, the newly-found *Guardian*, came out unequivocally for "progress." On its front page it ran two pictures, one of the old customs house, and the other the architect's drawing of the building which was to take its place, an upended matchbox of slight distinction, and it asked its readers point-blank how they would vote: for old Fogiedom as represented by the Customs House, or for the forces of "progress," symbolized by upended matchboxes. The readers' reaction was equivocal, but probably old Fogiedom more than held its own.

It was remarkable that a very large number of Guelph's citizens cared very much what their city looked like, and wanted the architectural harmony of St. George's Square preserved, and it was even more remarkable that very little of this concern was reflected in the City Council. The mayor, David Hastings, who was elected to his office at the age of twenty-seven, lined up solidly with "progress" and wanted not only the Customs House gone, but William Thomas' City Hall demolished into the bargain; its site was to become a parking lot to relieve traffic congestion. The city councillors seemed to possess the Jaycee mentality, and would have progressed to hell as long as they kept in progress. For them, the new building on the Customs House site was on the side of the angels, no matter what it looked like.

In November, 1960, the wreckers closed in on the old Customs House, and by the end of the month, it was flattened. The Customs House clock was presented to the city as a memento of the unprogressive past.

The defenders of the old Customs House were numerous enough, but they had no effective way of making their voices heard, and in addition, they suffered from a guilty feeling that it was immoral to hold back progress. The mayor and city council either believed that it was their duty to represent the business interests of the city exclusively (and the new building on the square was good business) or, after years of "boosting the community," they had terrorized themselves into believing that business would be scared away if they did anything that smacked of unprogressiveness. The mayor possibly did make one concession to popular feeling. He declined to run for office in 1961.

Yet the wisdom and shrewdness of the electorate is not something city councils should despise. A generation ago, the electorate of Stratford, Ontario, decided by popular vote not to allow the CPR to run a rail line into the city along the Avon River and destroy city parkland. Who shall say now that they were not wise?

## SNOW SONG

In the simple coming down of snow  
Over the already muffled town,  
Whose park is like an eye in a face,  
I see the angelic libation to Love  
And pray for words as gentle as the silent flakes.

Throwing snowballs in the empty park,  
I play alone and watch them float  
As children's words do; freely, soundlessly  
They go, like prayers, and all climb  
Bounden in grace before they fall.

They fall softly and without complaint  
In a grey hush of feathery dusk,  
Coming quietly and easily to the end of an arc,  
An innocently perfect parabola, and I  
Have created nothing.

Still my words, hollow as bubbles,  
Are spoken only in simile, fearing  
The icy crunch of metaphor or truth.  
The talk of traffic around the park  
Nudges the snow nearer and I walk  
Close to myself, my feathers fluffed  
Against the onslaught of people. I turn;  
And having turned know only the same snow,  
Yet there is no direction in my footprints.

Unmindful of the need for words are they  
My footprints, lucky in their lying down bed;  
My marks that are left behind me, unredeemable  
Yet silent in their accusation. Following me,  
Punctuating my passage yet chaining me to  
my past,  
They express progression like a pendulum.

As Time passes, snow was the week before  
And, as the soaking into earth of water,  
The love of men goes quietly to oblivion:  
Snow, make my confession, be my metaphor.

James Cass

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## Canadian Calendar

• In Montreal's new international air terminal, a gigantic, thirty-million dollar steel and glass building, it takes an experienced person twenty-six minutes to walk from a domestic to an international waiting-room, with additional time for customs and immigration inspection. Since the new terminal opened, TCA staff members have lost an average of five pounds per man, woman and public relations officer.

• Benjamin Britten's operatic setting of the Shakespeare comedy, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, will have its North American premiere at next summer's Vancouver International Festival, July 24 to August 19.

• Health Minister James McGrath of Newfoundland on his recruiting trip in Britain, Ireland and Belgium was able to find only a dozen doctors, and no nurses, to relieve the acute shortage of medical and nursing personnel in the small communities of the province.

• Developed after fourteen months of research by the physical metallurgy division of the Mines Department, an exclusive Canadian process for using uranium as an alloy in strengthening steel is now patented and available to the steel industry.

• In August of 1960 there were 736,000 married women working in Canada, as compared with 468,000 in August of 1955, and 332,000 in August of 1950.

• On December 9, Canada put before the UN a plan for establishing a world bank of experts who could respond swiftly to disaster calls, or to the need for expert assistance for a specific task. The project would be complementary to the Operation Executive plan by which developing countries are supplied with trained personnel on a long-term basis. Canada announced its own intention to establish such a roster of experts in various fields, who would be ready to accept at short notice UN assignments in countries which request them. Their permanent careers would be protected during their foreign service.

• The International Labor Office has compiled a study of normal hours worked annually in six industrial nations: Switzerland, 2,416 hours a year; West Germany, 2,296; Sweden, 2,212; U.K., 2,192; U.S., 1,984; Canada, 1,928.

• The building research division of the National Research Council, with the aid of Ottawa seismologists, is preparing a new earthquake map of Canada which will play an important role in the construction of buildings throughout the country. Until now the building code standards have been based on the earthquake probability map prepared by the seismology department of the Department of Mines and Technical Surveys and contained in the Canadian Atlas.

• Last year Canada imported from the U.S. nearly 170 million dollars worth of citrus and other fruits and winter vegetables.

• Canada's timber sales to Britain will double this year to six hundred million board feet, a result of Canada's timber promotion program and of technical improvements in wood products. After a period of displacement by other types of construction and industrial materials, timber is making a comeback in Britain. But techniques of frame construction have been all but forgotten, and Canadians have become established as authorities in the field.

• Ontario regulations require that any person manufacturing more than one hundred gallons of home-made wine must obtain a permit from the Liquor Control Board. In 1949-50 three such permits were issued; in 1959-60, one thousand, four hundred and ninety-eight were issued.

• On December 5, seventeen CS2F-1 anti-submarine Tracker aircraft were transferred from the Royal Canadian Navy to the Netherlands under the NATO mutual-aid program.

• T. George Street, chairman of the National Parole Board, said that murderers and first-time sex offenders (as distinct from sexual psychopaths) are the types of prison inmates most likely to reform. These two groups have the lowest percentage of failures at rehabilitation while on parole.

• On December 12, final reading by a 151-0 vote was accorded legislation to increase federal aid in expanding vocational training and technical schools. The measure is designed to reduce the number of unskilled workers in Canada.

• Britain's Lister medal, awarded every three years, has been given to Dr. Wilder G. Penfield of Montreal for his work in neurology during 1960.

• Tenor Leopold Simoneau, his wife, soprano Pierette Alarie, contralto Maureen Forrester, soprano Lois Marshall and violinist Albert Pratz have been appointed by the Canada Council to commission musical works for themselves by Canadian composers. Each composer will receive a thousand dollar fee, and the council will contribute as well to the cost of transcribing orchestral parts. Mr. Pratz has announced that he has chosen John Weinzwieg, professor at the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto, to compose a suite of four or five movements for violin and orchestra.

• The latest figures on mental illness are those for 1958, which show that 47 of every 100 patients in hospital in Canada were in for psychiatric treatment. The number of alcoholics was given as 200,000, of drug addicts as 3,000, and suicides, 1,800. More than 75,000 Canadians were in psychiatric hospitals or training schools for mental deficients.

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# Consensus, Conflict and the Canadian Party System

DONALD V. SMILEY

► POLITICAL PARTIES within a democratic system provide institutional manifestations of both consensus and conflict. A party operating within a pluralistic society must somehow comprehend and accommodate the interests and aspirations of divergent groups. From the party's point of view, however, the search for agreement is instrumental to the successful waging of the struggle for political power.

The degree to which a political party is preoccupied with creating and maintaining consensus will depend on several circumstances. The first and most significant relates to the number and intensity of the conflicts with which the political system must deal and how the competing interest and attitude groupings are regionally distributed. A second consideration involves the extent to which party cohesion is a prerequisite of the successful pursuit of political power; in the United States, for example, the cohesion of the legislative parties is much less strategic to their effectiveness than in the parliamentary system where the executive must maintain a permanent party majority to stay in office. Beyond these limiting circumstances, a party has, however, a range of choice as to whether it should try to build and maintain a majority by gaining the support of groups with seemingly compatible sentiments and interests or whether to appeal to all groupings of political significance. The distinctions are sometimes made between ideological and non-ideological parties or between "parties of principle" and "parties of interest"; I prefer to distinguish on the basis of "exclusiveness" and "inclusiveness."

The way in which the major parties within a political system perform their consensus-creating and consensus-maintaining functions determines to an overwhelming degree the quality of political conflict. If the parties are exclusive, conflict will revolve about fundamental ideals, distinct social and economic groupings will be ranged clearly in opposition to one another and the voter will be provided with significantly different alternatives in the way government is to be carried on, although the latter choice is attenuated if coalitions are usual. If the contending parties are inclusive, political debate is ordinarily couched in terms of short-term and immediate issues, basic social antagonisms tend to be blurred and elections are decisive in determining who is to be in power rather than what policies are to be implemented.

Throughout most of Canadian political history since Confederation the major parties have played the role of creating and maintaining a national consensus with conspicuous success in an environment in which the unifying forces were weak, the divisive influences pervasive. (In Professor Lower's striking analogies the Canadian federal system was "carpentered," the American "smelted" through revolution and civil war.) The three groups who have dominated our national political development were inclusive, casting their nets widely to

comprehend almost incredibly diverse attitudes and interests. The Macdonald-Cartier coalition of 1854, calling itself Liberal-Conservative in a day when these were fighting words in the western world, made an appeal to all but extremists in Upper and Lower Canada, later played the strategic role in carrying Confederation and from 1867, apart from one interval, established itself as the national party on the foundations of western development, railway expansion and commercial protection. Laurier Liberalism was a remarkably similar amalgam of interests and attitudes with Quebec becoming the sheet-anchor of Liberal support, with significant commercial interests won away from their previous Conservative allegiances and with the party reaping the fruits of western development and its attendant national prosperity. Again the Liberals, particularly from 1939 to 1957, emerged as the party of national consensus on the basis of war-time effort and post-war expansion. It is too early to judge whether the party which took office in 1957 will provide another lengthy period of one-party dominance.

The consensus which is the meat and drink of our major parties has been more complete since 1945 than at any other period in our national history. With the exception of a brief interval at the time of Suez, our external relations have not as in the past divided us—Canadian membership in the United Nations, in the Commonwealth and in NATO has provided an external association with appeal to virtually everyone and successive governments, along with nationalistically inclined journalists and scholars, have successfully propagated the notion that the Powers were hungry for Canadian diplomatic initiatives. Toryism, especially the Diefenbaker version, has almost ceased to raise the traditional and divisive loyalty issue. No crisis has arisen to range English- and French-speaking Canadians against each other, and the development of a genuine Canadian nationalism among the former has provided a better basis for good relations among the two groups than previously. Relative prosperity has met the economic expectations of most of the people most of the time. In brief, we have lived in a period where the hard choices which almost inevitably range region against region, group against group, have not had to be made. One of the most significant aspects of the post-war consensus is the turning away from fundamental reform of the parties which arose in the 1930's as protests against the prevailing order. The restatement of the CCF principles in 1956, the Winnipeg Declaration, is a tepid document, with which many non-socialists could, in the main, agree, and it is interesting that most of the discussion which has taken place among those active in the formation of the projected new party have revolved about organizational rather than policy matters. Few Social Creditors retain even a sentimental attachment to monetary reform, and at the national convention of the party held earlier this year the retiring national leader of the Social Credit party was quoted as saying that the functions of a social dividend are now performed by the various social security payments, although in traditional Social Credit theory these latter have characteristically been condemned as "taxation schemes." It may well be, however, that the period in which our political and other leaders can dodge hard and fundamental choices is over and that decisions which are almost inevitably more divisive than those of the last fifteen years will have to

be made, particularly in regard to the whole range of our relations with the United States.

The conventions of the parliamentary system itself impose heavy burdens on the leaders of political parties in a country where attitudes and interests are as diverse as ours. The traditions of Cabinet solidarity and Cabinet responsibility to the House of Commons means that the governing party must maintain a continuous majority on a very wide range of public issues. The demands for cohesion in the Opposition party are somewhat less immediate, although it cannot hope to create an image of itself as an acceptable alternative to the government unless it maintains a show of unity in most circumstances. Because of these influences in our parliamentary institutions, the comprehensiveness of our major Canadian parties is more striking than those in the United States Congress, where the present Democratic party includes the spectrum from right-wing authoritarian to democratic socialist precisely because the price of national party membership is so low.

Are our inclusive parties "the price of union" as Herbert Agar has argued of the Democrats and Republicans? Many American historians have pointed out that the sundering of the Democratic party on sectional lines and the rise of a new regional party, the Republicans, immediately preceded the outbreak of the Civil War and Agar and others have maintained that in the United States the existence of non-ideological, inclusive parties is necessary to maintenance of the Union. One might argue in similar fashion that the Canadian federation faced its gravest challenge in 1917 when the quest for consensus was temporarily abandoned by most Canadian political leaders in an election campaign which ranged English- and French-speaking Canadians against each other as Unionists and Laurier Liberals. Confederation was a politician's creation, with assists from ambitious commercial interests, and Canada existed as a political unit for many decades before most of its inhabitants considered themselves in any profound way as Canadians and before the influences of national non-political institutions were as strong as today. With few lapses, the successful leaders of our major parties have striven for toleration and compromise when more "righteous" men (Brown, Bourassa, Meighen, Woodsworth) have tried to stimulate the divisive forces among us. Even a modicum of national unity has often been difficult to get and the methods by which it has been attained have seldom been heroic, but even at worst, as we are reminded by Professor Lower, "bribery is a form of consent, and the alternative to consent is force." Thus a case can be made that the inclusive least-common-denominator Canadian party has played an honorable and indispensable role in the attainment of whatever degree of national unity that we have from time to time achieved.

IF THE CANADIAN party system as we have known it is the continuing price of union, that price is indeed considerable. To the extent that national politics is preoccupied with keeping the ship of state afloat, little consideration is given to the course upon which the vessel is embarked; our first Prime Minister was nicknamed "Old Tomorrow" and in the introduction to his recent book Mr. Pickersgill remarks, "Mackenzie King genuinely believed and frequently said that the real secret of political leadership was more in what was prevented

than in what was accomplished." The level of national political debate is low and one has the uneasy sensation that the real issues if they have been met at all, have been resolved in the secrecy of Cabinet, caucus and other party meetings. (Canadian politicians, lacking distinctive ideas or policies, have an interesting tendency to couch their arguments in the form of statistics, almost always misquoted.) The official Opposition, hoping to appeal to broadly the same sentiments and interests that put the incumbent government in power, is ordinarily less concerned with putting forward comprehensive policy proposals than in engaging in continuous probing operations, hoping, perhaps, to discover another horse on the army payroll or some instance of political pressure on the CBC. Constituency and other extra-parliamentary party organizations provide little opportunity for serious public debate and ordinarily almost none for the participation of ordinary members in the formation of party policies on public issues. More fundamentally, perhaps, when it is impossible for even a close observer to discover what the Conservatives want to conserve, what the Liberals want to liberalize, and indeed, what the Socialists want to socialize, political conflict takes place on a plane where the fundamental purposes on behalf of which power is to be wielded are ignored.

Much of Canadian life proceeds on the implicit assumption that the forces of national cohesion are too weak to permit continuous and fundamental debate on our common concerns. In no Western nation, perhaps, is the Establishment so free from attack, in few places has a people so chosen to deny itself the self-correction stemming from vigorous controversy about the directions in which they are going. What one scholar has called the "Canadian penchant for agreement" may have served us well but has made a virtue of inarticulateness and "driftmanship." One of the most hopeful features of American life is the vigor and pervasiveness of fundamental social debate and it is easy to explain, if not to justify, instances of repression where vested interests are so quickly exposed and stridently attacked. We in Canada have little to be smug about in our somewhat better record in preserving the opportunities for free expression where fundamental social criticism is so largely absent. In their preoccupation with the quest for consensus our political parties are both contributors to and victims of this aspect of our national immaturity.

#### MOONSONG

I cannot look upon the moon  
and not remember how  
it scared me as a little child  
—and still disturbs me now.

It probed my macaroni mind  
imperious and old  
prepared to sneer at rabbit thought  
avuncularly cold

It cast a spell around my feet  
dispersing secret dark  
as once it shed a baleful light  
on flood begirdled Ark.

Jay Ames

## ASHORE

Sailor, masculine, swaggers in the port:  
 "I sell my salt for something sweet,"  
 And Singing Pete  
 Dives in the sinning night.  
 "Flicker the green, white, red  
 Watersnakes of neon lights  
 In my dizzy ears!"  
 And "Hi and Ho";  
 His chest knows music  
 Like a juke-box.

The mermaid  
 In tattooed sleep  
 Heaves,  
 Very much to the point.

"O Dolora, be my orchid,  
 Orchid for the jungle night."  
 She is wicked, and unmoved,  
 Green eyed,  
 Waiting,  
 Like an alligator  
 In the shallow Amazon.

"O Dolora, be my orchid,  
 And I your loving colibri,"  
 Whispers now the Singing Pete,  
 Clutching her  
 In rumba-bliss.

Sawdust swordfish,  
 From above the smoke,  
 O he stares  
 In vain  
 At seaweedy Neptune now.  
 And the mermaid  
 In tattooed sleep  
 Heaves,  
 Very much to the point.

*Sylvia Osterbind*

## CROSS OR SWORD:

## SOME THOUGHTS ON THE ARMAMENTS RACE

Have you noticed  
 how in doom-mood  
 the proud and grassy  
 flesh with finch  
 each fused inch  
 through the green and winding mud;  
 and how the timed soul will turn  
 and turn  
 so confused  
 as it whines down  
 to the shriek  
 and the squeak  
 of tomb and  
 wound of the  
 loud  
 BOMB'S  
 grave  
 whisper-  
 ing

*Douglas Harding*

## CANTANKEROUS

Cantankerous is he? A whooping crane pasture voice  
 got nothing to hide in that sleep: the animals he saw:  
 Sad sad weasel dancing under the skullbone  
 and the fooley fooley eyes asking complicity.

I never saw him cantankerous, and the occasional  
 break in his voice told me I never saw him  
 cantankerous too many times to be

His wife is beautiful. He isn't beautiful,  
 and that is what I have against him:  
 Why aren't you beautiful?  
 My own weaseled blood, left over  
 from my suckling vandal pimpled days,  
 dredging out the poison with a pump, here and there,  
 urges me to understand him:  
 His wife is a pastyface young:  
 A pale mouth feeding on french-fried love  
 among the books that have lied for them:  
 She got eyes like a forlorn, living there mostly:  
 Hers shine doelike to his twinkle with  
 secret greasing wisdom above the belt:  
 And she sags in a timid chair to admire  
 flashing life as it passes, sitting there for supper,  
 uninvited guest flirting sparely through the eyes:  
 Starving through the window into the red rooftops and  
 green shutters drizzled with rain: This is somehow  
 sad, out there, they think, something sad  
 out there . . . what to do about it?

And then he turns to me and says:  
 "Why do you prefer to learn from other people's  
 suffering?"

*Mike Strong*

## MUCH FROM LITTLE

Though TV tubes enlarge a face  
 Not removed from flight through space,  
 And kinescopes can store the view,  
 Marking the voice eternal too,

Electrons lack the imagined power  
 Beamed where poets phrase a tower,  
 New signals no device can find  
 Light a lover in your mind.

*Norman Nathan*

## A CERTAIN MAN WENT DOWN

A certain man went down  
 In a crash of crumpling metal  
 While hurtling traffic roared  
 Past, leaving him half dead.

Jericho-bound, I thought  
 To stop, compassionate,  
 But his neighbours, priest and Levite,  
 Speeding by, swept me on.

Who dares be a Samaritan?

*Fred Swayze*

## Research In Political Theory

*This article is the substance of a discussion between Dr. W. J. Stankiewicz, Assistant Professor of Political Science, University of British Columbia and Mr. R. C. Cooke of Toronto, concerning the former's book **POLITICS AND RELIGION IN SEVENTEENTH CENTURY FRANCE**, published by the University of California Press in October 1980 and by the University of Toronto Press in November.*

**Cooke:** What made you choose this topic?

**Stankiewicz:** I was interested in a period in which so many of the foundations of modern political theory were being laid and most classical political concepts—such as sovereignty, the social contract, the divine right of kings—were flourishing. The problem of religious toleration which emerged from the struggle between the Huguenots and the Catholics was one of the central issues in the politics of that time. Its study gives one an excuse for looking at all those classical concepts obliquely and therefore more sharply. One thus avoids a pedantic recitation of each writer's views and achieves a unified approach. My purpose was to interpret seventeenth century French political thought from the standpoint of religious toleration.

**Cooke:** Speaking of toleration, I have noticed that the book distinguishes between three terms: toleration, tolerance and tolerationism. How would you explain the difference between them?

**Stankiewicz:** Tolerance—"true tolerance"—is a philosophical principle implying moral virtue of the kind defended by its sixteenth-century champions, Castellion and L'Hôpital. Toleration, on the other hand, is essentially a legal process. I am opposed to the fairly common practice of using these two terms interchangeably, and I agree with Professor George Sabine—one of the leading historians of political thought—that a careful distinction should be made between them. Lack of precision in terminology is bound to confuse discussion. Finally, *tolerationism*—a term I have coined myself—means the adoption of a policy of toleration for purely political ends.

**Cooke:** How would you summarize the method you have used to analyze toleration?

**Stankiewicz:** The book relates toleration to the concept of sovereignty, the conflict between the theory of the social contract and that of the divine right of kings, the question of obedience, and the right to revolt. It also relates the idea of toleration to political realities, as well as international and religious policies and party strife, and indicates the links between political practice and doctrine. Conversely, it attempts to translate into the language of political theory those events which were relevant to the issue of religious toleration. In particular, it indicates the social conditions prevailing in 1598 when the Edict of Nantes was formulated, granting the Huguenots the rights of a religious minority, and is concerned with the extent to which social freedom became diffused after that date.

**Cooke:** This kind of approach touches on many fields and disciplines: religious history, political philosophy, international politics, social history, party politics, and so on. Would you describe your treatment of the subject as interdisciplinary?

**Stankiewicz:** Strictly speaking—no. My study uses neither the various techniques peculiar to the social sciences, nor their jargon. It does touch on the problems of philosophy, theology, and social and economic history, but it uses a technique of its own—a technique which stems from my conviction that the study of political ideas should be related to practice and policy. This attitude precludes the discussion of political philosophies in a vacuum and impels the author to relate theory to practice and contrast ideology with policy, religion with politics, international issues with domestic affairs.

**Cooke:** To which particular area of political science does the book belong?

**Stankiewicz:** It is a study in the history of political ideas, which still forms the core of the discipline known as political science. Political ideas have meaning only if studied within their social framework. They are in no sense permanent and change with the course of history. Static political ideas convey the spirit of unreality apparent in Plato's *Republic*. If political theorists are to avoid this unreality, which pervades related social sciences—particularly psychology, sociology, and economics—they must avoid building static models. They must constantly search for connections between political theory and historical events, and rewrite history in the light of contemporary ideologies, the climate of opinion that accompanied them and the policies that were adopted. No body of doctrine is immutable. It could be so only if all the 'facts' were already known—but our knowledge of any historic event is constantly expanding. The entire history of political thought must one day be rewritten for this reason.

**Cooke:** Is there any other lesson that can be derived from your book?

**Stankiewicz:** There is an implicit rejection of the traditional inductive method in historical research that puts too much stress on the wording of the habitual source materials, such as archives, letters, memoirs. The inductive method tries to single out and classify pure historical 'facts,' stripped of their context. It ignores the whole 'conceptual framework': the institutions, beliefs and practices of the people to whom the facts are related—all the 'assumptions of the age' without which the true picture cannot be seen. No historian can ever arrive at the full facts, so that any judgment he makes is to some extent colored by his own theoretical assumptions. The task of a political theorist is to discuss past theories, being aware of the assumptions their authors had in mind. Those who do not relate political philosophers to their cultural and political environment often misinterpret words and ideas whose meanings have changed with the passage of time. For example, to apply the concept 'democracy' directly to the sixteenth or seventeenth century leads to gross errors. Instead, we should ask: "What, on the assumptions of the age (or the assumptions of Calvin, Bossuet or Bayle), was the true meaning of this concept?" Only the deductive approach, which examines ideas within their proper context, can reveal to us their hidden meaning. Thus, international policies must be considered in terms of the theoretical premises or philosophies which lie behind them. The relevance of the deductive approach to current political problems has been vigorously defended by Professor F. S. C. Northrop in his work, *The Logic of the Sciences and the Humanities*.

*Cooke:* This is most interesting. Can you expand on your use of this method?

*Stankiewicz:* The deductive method—the awareness of the whole background, cultural, ideological and 'contextual'—makes it possible to see more sharply not only differences in the meaning of a given concept, but also some striking analogies with present-day practices. An example is Richelieu's cunning use of the ruin-through-peace theory, which he applied to the Huguenot minority. Current ingenious users of the 'peace' theory are the Communists, who have become pastmasters at inverting the meaning of common terms. In the last decade or so, 'peace' has become one of the favorite slogans used on Communist propaganda platforms. If you reverse the picture and look back at Richelieu's 'peace' theory in the light of current 'peace' theories, you are following the example of the French historian Marc Bloch, who demonstrated that past events acquire meaning through the study of current practices. As Professor H. Stuart Hughes of Harvard puts it, Bloch's historical technique calls for extrapolation from present-day vestiges of earlier conditions. Although I cannot say that I made a conscious use of this method, I was aware of certain modern attitudes to peace, when studying those policies of Richelieu which related to the same problem.

*Cooke:* The main argument of the book concerns religious toleration. Does the study of this problem reveal any broad message for present-day man?

*Stankiewicz:* The book's postscript states that contemporary implications can be seen in the discussion of Pierre Bayle. His scepticism, his scorn for dogmatism, his spirit of compromise, his rationalism are all 'modern,' in the sense that we profess to understand them and occasionally act in accordance with them. Most of us believe that persecution for religious reasons is nonsense, yet there are still bigots, fundamentalists and social climbers among us, who find it socially rewarding—and perhaps psychologically gratifying—to discriminate against other religious groups. On a broader plane, Bayle's arguments for tolerance can be used as a guide to the modern political predicament. They touch on the ever-present problem of the peril of subversive elements and on the validity of the reasons given by vigilantes intent on suppressing them. In plain language, the question today is: Can a democracy tolerate dissenters within its ranks? The passing of the era of intense religious persecution does not mean that humanity has progressed to the point where it will tolerate dissident minorities, but that hostilities have largely been shifted from the religious to the political arena.

### CONVERSATION

Now rain hurries to renew our old friendship  
Brushing my cheeks with shy gestures,  
Falling in words of whispered understanding.

"How are things with you, rain?"

And the ground drinking jealously,  
Eyes my intimate voice with soundless questioning  
And the busy rain, noticing this, answers quickly:

"Well enough, friend . . . well enough."

Lee Richard Hayman

## Three Stories

### TRAINRIDE

► IT HAS BEEN ten days since the Russians herded us into this boxcar. At the beginning there were forty of us but during these ten days three have died. Their bodies have been taken out and thrown onto the tops of the boxcars. Thirty boxcars are in the train; one thousand two hundred prisoners of war. The young Jewish lieutenant of the MVD, who brought us from the camp, probably does not want to lose anyone. We are going to make the voyage, either in the car, or on top of it. At least the lieutenant thinks so.

It is probably two or three o'clock in the morning. We have no way of knowing, because watches were the first things they took from us. The train moves slowly. Last evening we left the outskirts of Budapest. If we finish with the work perhaps tomorrow I will be back there.

Corporal Kovacs is working on the hole. He is still in good strength; the noise of the train also helps. With every stroke the blade cuts deeper into the thick wooden plank.

I hope that old sergeant will start an argument again when the time comes. I think he is envious. He does not want to risk the jump, probably too scared to do so; to know that some of us will perhaps be free at home while he is somewhere in Russia would be unbearable for him. Last evening I finally made him shut up, but I don't think pulling rank will help again. Well, we can knock him down if he starts to yell, or tries to hinder us.

Somewhere toward the west is the Danube. We must be on the south-eastern main line. Once out, we must go toward the north-west. The sooner I get into Budapest, the better. There must be a place to hide there.

Feri wants to jump first. He is very anxious to get away. Had I been in his mind, my neck would itch too. I wonder if I will ever see him again; probably not. He should try to get out of this country as fast as he can.

Demeter is handling the saw now. That sawblade is a real gift of the gods. From now on I too will always keep a sawblade in my trouserleg. Oh God, I am sleepy. I must not sleep; tomorrow perhaps they will speed up the train and once we get into Rumania, we have no chance. Demeter should finish the job soon now. Most of the fellows are sleeping. Some of them will probably never waken. The three on top of the boxcar died in their sleep too. That would be another way out. Damn it, I am not going to die; I will jump! Perhaps the wheels will crush me . . . Stop thinking, I must stop thinking! What is the matter with that cursed hole? If I don't think, I will fall asleep. . . .

"Wh . . . at, what is it?"

"Wake up, Sir. Mr. Hegi is already out, and so are two others." — I must have fallen asleep.

"What is the time?"

"Probably four in the morning, Sir."

"Who is going next?"

"Corporal Kovacs, and after him it is your turn, Sir."

The boxcar is pitchdark inside. Now there is a faint light from below. Kovacs jumped. I feel my way across the sleeping men to the hole. I put my legs through it. With my left foot I feel the running board below the door. Somebody grabs my hands and I am being

lowered. This bloody hole is really small. Now I can see. I am lying on the runningboard. I must turn around and jump face forward.

"God be with you boys, remember our collar is green!" Somebody reaches through the hole and pats me on the shoulder.

"Soldiers' luck, Sir!"

I jump. Goddamn! My hand! I must get off the embankment before the end of the train reaches me. I roll over the edge of the embankment and down the slope. Good! The grass is really tall. There goes the end of the train. It is true, Ivan has a searchlight in his hands and shines it down on the tracks. I pull down my head. You won't see me, you bastard!

The train goes farther and farther into the breaking morning light. I stand up and start to walk westwards, between the tall corn. I hope I will find somebody at home.

ARPAID FUSTOS

### THE WAY THINGS ARE

► ELIZABETH LOOKED out the window.

"That's just the way things are Bethy."

"But mummy."

"That's enough Elizabeth. They just aren't very nice people."

Elizabeth watched her mother chipping the pale mauve polish from her fingernails.

"I'm sorry if you're hurt, but daddy and I have tried to be human about it."

"But he never seemed that way to me."

"Probably because you don't know him very well. Your father has had a lot of experience with them in business. You can ask Gordie if you want. He's met a lot of them at school." There was a spot of nail polish that wouldn't come loose and her mother bit daintily at it.

"Did Gordie know you were going to do this?"

"He suggested it dear."

Elizabeth looked across the other room where Gordie was reading a magazine.

"Gordie."

"Yes honey," he answered, "what is it?"

"Could you come here for a minute?"

Gordie came in.

"Did you know what mummy just told me?"

"Yes honey. About Harry. It's too bad, but it's for your own sake."

"But he seemed so nice."

"That's just the way things are honey."

"But what's wrong with him?"

"You'll understand Bethy," her mother said, "after you've met more of them."

"After all," Gordie said, "he wasn't so nice. Think of that corsage."

"I thought it was nice."

"But it was so small. You remember. And it didn't have any ribbons or decorations. Just the flowers."

"I thought it was nice."

"They're all like that about money," Gordie said.

"He couldn't really have respected you Bethy," her mother said. She was beginning to repaint her nails a pale orange.

"You'll get over it kid," Gordie said, "and it will be

better for you in the long run. You ought to meet some of the guys in my frat. Great guys."

"But I like Harry."

"Well I don't know how you could," her mother said angrily, "he hardly spoke to me when he came here." She began to stroke the brush quickly across her nails.

"I'm sorry mummy."

"None of them are polite," Gordie said and picked up a magazine from the table. "They're loud and pushy."

"They're always flaunting their money," her mother said.

"But he did seem nice."

"That's all right Bethy. You'll understand when you're older. That's the way things are."

DAVID HELWIG

### A RINKY DINKY DO

► A RINKY DINKY DO, said David Earnest Farnsworth, a rinky dinky do dum, a rinky dinky do. It was hot, he decided. He sat in a rocker on the porch and read the newspaper. Old Khrushchev's blowin' his horn again, he said. A rinky dinky do dum. Old Ike's gonna haveta send an atom bomb over there to show them fellers where to get off. Khrushchev's worse than old Hitler. A rinky dinky loo, a rinky dinky boo, a rinky dinky do dum. And Cynthia Cameron rode by on a bicycle in one of those little pleated skirts that flip-flopped up to show her tartan underpants whenever her knee came up with the pedal. David Earnest Farnsworth laid his newspaper down and watched her. She drove slowly. He had a long time to look. He watched her until she disappeared behind an elm down the street. That Doc Cameron's girl would show her butt if there weren't a law against it, he said. It aint much wonder them young gummers get into the messes they do. He whispered: that girl's just askin' for somebody to put it into her. Back when I was a young sprout a girl like that would have had her butt blistered. She'd have had her butt blistered back in my day, in my daysy-waysy day.

David Earnest Farnsworth began to pick his nose, extracting the dried mucous carefully and sticking it beneath the seat of his rocking chair. He hummed, the tone of his voice changing as his nostrils were plugged or unplugged. He threw the newspaper on the leather-covered couch and picked up his Bible. I guess maybe I'd better look over my Sunday School lesson, he chanted. I guesssss maybeeee I'd better look over my Sunday School less-on. He read about Job. He could feel a tension in his chest. It was as if he'd eaten too much stew or too many beans and had gas. But he knew better. It was the old ticker. The feeling in his chest was exactly like the sensation of fear. But he wasn't afraid. He'd had the promised three score years and ten. He was living on borrowed time. He decided to listen to the radio. It was time for Oral Roberts. Oral wasn't Nazarene but he was Holiness. He knew what it meant to be saved. To have the Full Gospel.

David Earnest Farnsworth arose and went into the living room. The tension in his chest was getting tighter. A rinky dinky do dum, he said, a rinky dinky do dum. He turned on the radio. There was a burst of static. All things are possible, the radio sang. There was more static. All things are ZZZ only ZZZ only be-lieve, on-ly believe,

all things are possible, only ZZZ. A rinky dinky do. He shut the radio off. He went out to the kitchen. I think I'll have a lunch, he said. A lunch, a hunch, a crunch. He found a piece of cake and a glass of ginger ale. He went back to the porch. Bill Walker drove by. Bill would have been a good feller if it wasn't for the booze and him 'marryin' the mickey. The Old Pope wanted to run everything. Like Old Khrushchev.

David Earnest Farnsworth's chest felt better. He ate slowly, brushing the crumbs off his lap. Cynthia Cameron rode by again. Her legs were very brown. The skirt and panties matched: red, yellow, green and blue. It was hot. He finished his lunch. It was almost time for church so he looked for his Sunday School quarterly. I wonder where I left that quarterly, he said, that quarterly, porterly, warterly. A rinky dinky do dum, a rinky dinky loo dum, a rinky dinky true fum, a rinky dinky do.

ALDEN A. NOWLAN

## NOUVELLE

Who's riding  
that monocycle,  
the moon,  
alongside of me?  
Watch out!  
Don't puncture her  
on one of the points  
of the stars  
or I won't have company  
walking along those boring streets.

Seymour Mayne

## CREAMY FACE

Creamed face  
I haven't seen you  
since the summer—  
then you lay on  
the green lawn  
of erected grass blades,  
and the sun  
was tanned  
by the fire  
on your nipples

Your eyes are balls of glazing silver  
revolve in their sockets, satellites of  
your breasts.

Now you walk beside this eunuch  
with the brown, worn satchel,  
and his eyes  
behind the smudged glass  
and black-rim frames  
glare at you and me  
like a long-dead man  
from a portrait.

Seymour Mayne

## IN MEMORY OF AN INTELLECTUAL

(for J. Renick)

I laughed and you sat there  
in that muddy pool  
Quacking like a duck  
and gobbling up insects  
like a sophisticated turkey.

And I watched your neck  
being cut;  
three spurts and your head  
flopped into the rabbi's hands,  
his rag of beard  
wiped the blood of your neck.

Later you drooped in the butcher  
shop's refrigerator  
like a hanged criminal  
with all the rest of  
the chickens and fowl,  
but you still quacked.

Seymour Mayne

## RACE

The jet scrambled past,  
a waterfly pinched in the tail.

the train jingled along  
the ice sparkling tracks,

And my pen raced across  
the page to catch them.

Seymour Mayne

## BINARY PHOTOGRAPH

*Painting on a Teepee*

Topping his skipping stallion  
courtly in death's wind, even  
his feathers flow after him,  
tail of a comet! even  
his lance half-poised for flight's a  
salute to others caught with him  
in life's sad giggling dance.

His enemies, pale, fungoid  
noses over bramble beards, eyes  
rolling glares under  
hats that blot the sun; bizarre  
six-guns belching like dragons. . . .  
the painter, master of the teepee,  
has caught them at their weird curses.

Milton Acorn

*A Second Look at the Teepee*

They are here as never in life,  
in conjunction, interlocked,  
each necessary to the other—  
Eye takes the shock  
and balances all three:  
Indians, white men, artist . . .  
A blink and they're free again,  
trapped now in metrics,  
connecting outside my orbit  
to casual reader—celestial vectors  
impale him in history  
that never stopped happening . . .

A. W. Purdy

## Film Review

► IN HIS ARTICLE "Orchestrating the Arts: Stratford Festival 1960" in the Oct. issue of *The Canadian Forum*, Philip Stratford raised the interesting problem of how the casual film-goer, who is able to attend part but not all of a foreign film festival, should select the movies he will see. To a lesser extent the same problem faces the art film enthusiast every day if he happens to live in one of the larger cities where there are competing art and semi-art houses. The problem seems to reside in the fact that the only available promotional material which accompanies foreign films is untranslated, and that the mass American magazines which offer illustrated features on recent films seem to favor Hollywood disproportionately, rather than London, Paris, Rome, Stockholm, Athens or Tokyo. The result is that the best form of advertising for foreign films in small art theatres is through word of mouth recommendations, with the prestige of foreign directors and actors playing an ancillary role to a more devoted audience. One of the better methods, however, is to keep tab on the best international films through the numerous film magazines which are available off the counter in some of the larger Canadian cities and through subscription in the suburbs and rural areas.

In a later issue I will analyze the magazines which purport to cover the field, but a reference to two of the more influential magazines will suffice now to answer Mr. Stratford's problem indirectly, and to introduce the film *Wild Strawberries*. *Films in Review* and *Sight and Sound* are two popular film magazines which illustrate the fact that the chief virtue of these magazines is usually their breadth rather than their depth. After reading a number of them one becomes immediately aware of the many problems facing those who wish to establish a scholarship of the film. One suspects that the reviewers who write for *Films in Review* secretly prefer westerns to art films, John Ford to Jean Cocteau, and often the bias is explicitly stated. On the other hand, the high-brow *Sight and Sound*—including its companion *Film Quarterly*, but not *Film Culture*, edited by Jonas Mekas, which is more truly a quarterly than the rest—is written by jaded sophisticates who secretly wish to direct their own productions rather than review those of others, with the result that their columns are full of directorial suggestions. Both magazines review essentially the same films and both feature long semi-scholarly articles on cinematic movements, directors, producers, stars and studio. Both have offered reviews of *Wild Strawberries*, which *Films in Review* found to be dull and slow-moving, among other things, and *Film Quarterly*, pompous and anxiety-ridden. Curiously, none of these quick and too-inclusive adjectives fit the film at all.

*Wild Strawberries*, "a film by Ingmar Bergman," is only overtly concerned with a seventy-eight year old medical doctor and his actions on a single day. Bergman has portrayed in great detail Dr. Isak Borg as he motors to the city of Lund to receive an honorary degree in recognition of his fifty years as a medical doctor, but this day is unlike any other day. This twenty-four hours is a day of judgment and the journey to Lund is a pilgrimage made by one man towards the understanding of all men. Bergman was able to sustain interest in what otherwise would have been a tireless succession of details by employing a curious but effective combination of direct

narration, sudden backflash and highly-suggestive dream sequences which permit the figure of Borg to accumulate layers of meaning yet retain to all appearances a clear story line. This is partly accomplished by permitting the audience to see the entire action through the eyes of the central figure. Dr. Borg was played by the late Victor Sjöström, who directed in America for some years as Victor Seastrom. Sjöström endured personal suffering to complete this his last film, which is a tribute as much to him as to Bergman.

*Wild Strawberries* is heavy with symbology but Bergman has studiously avoided offering the viewer any clue to permit him to turn his masterpiece into an allegory. Dr. Borg is made to say late in the film, "This day I have discovered the events of an extraordinary logic." And because of this he decides to record his discoveries. The first shot shows him at his writing desk where he is writing his impressions of the previous day; consequently his opening remarks are extremely important. "In relations with others," he explains without sentiment, hesitation or remorse, "we spend most of our time criticizing others . . . that is why I removed myself from society and now am considered to be a pedant." This perception leads him to recount the events of the day before, and these begin with a dream sequence which firmly anchors the entire film and will certainly establish Bergman's fame. It is probably the most ominous sequence in the entire history of cinematography, avoiding, as it does, the physical horror which recoils the viewer from a Hitchcock film and the fascinating disinterest of a Cocteau movie. So certain was Bergman of his technique and editing that he deliberately cast away opportunities of pure terror, which Hitchcock would have rescued from the editing room floor and made the heart of his film. Capitalizing on slight overexposures, which heighten the rapid alterations between black and white, and employing a jerky continuity which characterizes the actions of an emotionally distraught man, Bergman presents an unmistakable existential situation.

An old man, Isak Borg, is seen walking along an abandoned street which suggest the ruins and depression associated with age. The architecture is alarming and only indirectly suggestive of human inhabitation. The man walks hesitatingly down the street and looks up to see a large overhanging sign: two eyes of an optometrist's spectacles and a gigantic watch without hands. He removes his own pocketwatch; the soundtrack pulses like a human heart; his own watch too lacks hands. Suddenly he sees a figure in black in front of him with his face averted. The old man grasps the arm of the figure and swings it around to be shocked to discover that it is a man with a featureless face, with but two eyes. The figure falls away and dissolves into a stream of blood in the gutter. Suddenly he is distracted by the sound of a passing horse-drawn hearse. A driverless carriage appears and passes him, catching one of its wheels on a lamp-post; the wheel is knocked off and it rolls towards the old man and barely misses him. Meanwhile the coffin on the back of the hearse slips off the truck and falls heavily onto the pavement; it is open a slight bit and a hand is visible slowly moving out of it. The old man moves ineluctably towards the coffin, takes the hand in his own and sees himself emerge from it.

I HAVE GIVEN the details of this dream sequence because these are images which appear and reappear,

sometimes directly and sometimes indirectly, throughout the rest of the film. It would be useless to rewrite the scenario of *Wild Strawberries*, to catch in detail the nuances and variations of this death and rebirth sequence, and practically impossible to catch Bergman's significant details, although a proper appreciation of the film undoubtedly rests on these. When the professor wakes, however, his first decision is to motor rather than to take the train that day to Lund. His daughter-in-law Marianne, played incredibly well by Ingrid Thulin, decides to accompany him, and they drive off on their strange exodus towards understanding.

On this automobile trip crucial and memorable moments in Borg's life are slipped into the present tense. When they stop near the doctor's ancestral home a wild strawberry patch sets the old mind along a path of imaginative and prophetic reverie. Borg witnesses scenes he could never have seen and he moves among people who have ceased to be. He watches as his first fiancée, played by Bibi Andersson, succumbs to the charms of his cousin, who possesses the passion which young Isak lacked. In another dream he talks with his first love while she holds a mirror to his eyes to witness his age. When he and Marianne resume their journey they are accompanied by another Sara, also played by Bibi Andersson, and two other hitchhikers, the medical-minded Viktor and the divinity student Anders. These three rework the same theme and prove that irony is intended in naming the loser Viktor. A few minutes later a barely-averted automobile accident, which suggests the near collision in the dream, introduces a quarrelsome couple, a Catholic architect and his wife an hysterical actress, who represent Borg's relationship with his divorced wife. Later they visit Borg's ninety-six year old mother, whose face resembles that of the faceless man, and she hands Borg a handleless watch which was on a desk beside a pair of spectacles. Like his mother Borg was incapable of warmth, and his son Evald was like him. Marianne is to have a child which Evald detests; so the theme is reworked on another level.

*Wild Strawberries* ends in a succession of dream sequences, in which Borg fails to fulfill the first duty of a doctor, "to ask forgiveness," and he diagnoses a patient, played by Gunnel Brostrom, who played the quarrelsome actress, whom he pronounces dead, only to have her laugh in his face. Finally he watches his wife taken in adultery, and ultimately he is able to serenely view his parents on a sunny day on a distant hill, but not before he has been forced to stand beside an empty cradle in the wind of a stormy night. At the end of the day, Borg is granted his degree, thereby passing the examinations he earlier failed, and Evald is forced by his own emotions to accept his wife and child. In a parody of the standard balcony scene Borg bids Sara goodbye, after she has pledged her love only to him, and while she is leaving he mumbles to himself that he hopes she will write. That night he sleeps easily and well.

It is a tribute to Bergman's genius as a director that his films are irreproachable dramatically and structurally. From his cinematic repertory company just outside Stockholm, his low-budget productions are completely dominated by his sound technique (as evinced by *Smiles of a Summer Night*, frivolous but brilliant) and his notion that man has a guilt beyond atonement (as seen in *The Seventh Seal* and many others). This is an unusual combination of talents and insights, and it is more

surprising that the two stand side by side and support rather than eat away at each other.

JOHN ROBERT COLOMBO

### SPRING

We must have looked a silly lot  
in the spring, with our new crop  
of adolescent pimples,  
promising undying love in all directions.  
To keep us off the streets  
they built a hall of iron sheets,  
corrugated, painted red,  
for cultural activities they said.  
We called it the tin tabernacle.  
It was a dandy place to do our wooing.  
I remember Alice, in the dark,  
feeling like a lumpy mattress—  
dancing her was like a bouncing a split ball—  
but, they said, she had a lovely nature.  
Who cares?  
In the spring it's passion that counts.

Philip Hildred

### TRANSITION

When night has smudged her blackness on the sky,  
and Beacons bring the tired waves to shore,  
the robust World resuscitates the spore;  
restores the grasses; hoists the timber high.  
When ships let go their anchors to supply  
and drowsy crews tie up at Morpheus' door,  
the World replenishes the ocean floor;  
pours salt on seas; spreads lime to purify.  
She scrubs the clouds with Calcimine; then, flings  
the night aside as vesper vapors gray.  
She shakes the Sun. The spectrum flutters wings  
that fan a wind to float the Moon away.  
Elated, she gives vent to waking things  
as I, Fate's faithful drone, acknowledge day.

David Nirenstein

### LOVE SONNET

You rest your love on reservation's lap,  
Revive inactive veins with stimulants,  
Extract these hopeless promises, to make  
Conditional what we should fully share:  
To kiss but not to own kinetic lips,  
To hold but not to have your feather hand,  
To touch but not enjoy your nervous skin:  
All these have bonded us to prison walls.  
If we would exercise unfettered love,  
Unleash the torrent blocked by artifact,  
Unshackle breath, uproot all sterile aims,  
We must remove those harsh impediments,  
Cut isthmus cord that checks two water lanes,  
And build our own canal for single stream.

Vernon Acker

## Record Review

► BY 1793, HAYDN was the foremost composer in Europe. Mozart had died two years earlier, and Gluck and C. P. E. Bach two years before that. The complete success of Haydn's first visit to London the previous year emphasized his preeminence by right of genius as well as of default.

Haydn had now behind him more than four decades of composition; when he started work on a new set of quartets almost forty years separate these from his Opus 1 "divertimenti" for four string parts. On upwards of seventy of these works—in themselves one of the most remarkable developments in Western art—he had worked and reworked a normal lifetime of systematic deliberation, and after this new set he was to complete only eight more. So the Opus 71 and 74\* of the year 1793 show the full scale of his maturity, the facility of invention at its most expansive and guided by the sureness of experience.

In one important respect, and possibly in only one, the works of 1793 resemble those of forty years earlier: that is, the scale of which Haydn conceived the quartet. The deliberate limitations he had imposed were not necessarily by choice but were often inherent in a society where, for one thing, music was composed to be played as well as heard. Often as not, the royal patron expected a part for himself and not always just to display (unintentionally) the limits of his talent. In the age of Enlightenment, instrumental music was still pretty much the province of the amateur performer, as far as skill was concerned, and this was especially true of chamber music.

To the "liberated" composer of the next century, this would have rankled as a handicap, as well as an affront to the Divinity of inspiration. In his quartets, Beethoven not only ignored the possibility of their performance by anyone less than a virtuoso, but was unhampered by any considerations of technique whatsoever. If the performer found it difficult, that was just too bad! Genius was not to be trimmed to fit the prosaic patterns of mediocre interpreters.

Since esthetic restraint (especially subjective) has been rapidly disappearing in the direction of the dodo over the last century, we find it even harder today to realize the advantages which often accompany such alleged handicaps. In Haydn's experiments with the quartet form, the principal innovation—the elimination of the *continuo* and double-bass—derived from his early compositions for outdoor serenades. The one instrument conspicuously absent in these outdoor groups of music-makers was the harpsichord. So from his earliest creative years, a good share of his output was for combinations of instruments without *continuo*. He was forced to expand the individual parts to make up for the lack of "background" usually filled in by the harpsichord; and the resulting experiments over a period of years achieved a harmonic richness at least the equal of the conventional groupings supported by the harpsichord. The possibilities of the quartet form which emerged under Haydn, as the result of instrumental limitations, became, paradoxically, the form in which Beethoven achieved those most remarkable flights of expression, both emotional and technical.

Consisting of two sets of three works each, and com-

posed in the same year, Opus 71 and 74 have a sufficient number of similarities to persuade one that it was a publisher's error which divided the set into two editions. There seems no evident reason why the set should not be considered as a unit because firstly, they were all dedicated to the same Count Apponyi, and secondly, it was customary to issue these works in sets of six for the convenience of the amateur performer, (e.g. Op. 3, 9, 17, 20, 50, etc.).

Taken as a set of six, one sees a consistent development, within the features common to all, from No. 1 of Opus 71 to No. 3 of Opus 74. From the lightness and relative simplicity of the first to the powerful and rich sonorities of the sixth, there is a steady increase in vigor and depth. The last, with its *tremolando* effect in the majestic Largo movement, seems to be striving for an almost orchestral effect, and strains the form to the utmost.

One curious feature of the third of Opus 71 occurs in six bars of the great first movement, one of the peaks of Haydn's quartets. As Tovey points out, there is an "astonishing miscalculation" where the cello part is written above the viola, a confusion caused apparently by the composer's uncertainty when scoring the cello above the viola without using the tenor clef. This particular passage cannot be corrected by lowering the cello part an octave, in which case the upper parts lose their balance. And further on in this movement the cello and viola exchange places on the clef very effectively since, in this case, the lowest notes are always the true bass. The real explanation for this one lapse of six bars may be laid to Haydn's unconscious assumption that a fifth part, the double-bass, was supporting the cello, a sort of reflex carried over from his early compositions, e.g. Op. 1 and 2, where the evidence indicates that the cello was supported, and perhaps even replaced, by the double-bass. Tovey goes on to mention "several very decent quintets" by Onslow, long after Haydn and Mozart had established the pattern for experienced composers, where the fifth part was carried by the double-bass.

A few months ago, Vanguard issued the complete Op. 71 and 74 on two discs, with the Griller quartet\*. The last and most popular of the set, Op. 74, No. 3, has appeared on two or three labels now unavailable, and a couple of the others have appeared from time to time, but this is the first issue on LP of the complete set. The performers are also worth noting, because this is about the only British group recording at the present time. (A glance at the quartet groups on records would indicate that Hungary must produce quality string players by the score. Hungarian and Slovak groups contribute out of all proportion to population and eminence in the musical climate generally.) The Griller group stand up admirably in comparison with such groups as the Budapest quartet of a decade ago, the Vegh quartet and the Hungarian quartet. (This last must surely be the finest currently on records, although at the rate their recordings are being deleted from the catalogue they won't be current for very long.) If the Griller group lacks the virtuoso finesse of the lighter works in this set, they rise to the occasion when the work is worthy of their best. The Op. 71, No. 3, and especially the Op. 74, No. 3, are given their full measure of color, the playing is clean

\*HAYDN: Quartets, Op. 71 and 74 (the "Apponyi"), complete. The Griller Quartet. Vanguard 1041/42 (2 records).

and the contrasts are fully developed without over-emphasis. The recording is excellent.

For those with stereo equipment, mention should be made that this is the first issue of Haydn quartets to be available in stereo as well as monaural.

H. C. FRANCIS

## Turning New Leaves

► THIS IS A FASCINATING book about an amazing man. Bevin had two careers, the first as trade unionist and trade union leader, down to 1940; the second as Minister, first as Minister of Labour and then as Foreign Secretary, from 1940 till his death. Either one alone would have been enough to give him a commanding position in the social history of Britain from 1910 to 1950. This book covers only the first; its quality whets one's appetite for the second volume, which can scarcely fail to be even more enthralling.

Bevin's second career did not begin till he was almost sixty. Very few men, however able, have entered the House of Commons, let alone the Cabinet, at that age and made even a respectable showing. Bevin became at once a formidable figure, even in a House and a Cabinet led by Winston Churchill. How did he manage the leap from unionism to politics with such superb mastery? The answer is, he didn't. For him, there was no leap. He never had been a simple, bread-and-butter, business unionist. On the contrary, he was a socialist, a socialist open-air speaker, and a socialist candidate, before he ever joined a union. The grim experiences of his early years convinced him that British capitalist society was evil, and that it must be not reformed but transformed, root and branch. His own major job in the transformation, from 1910 to 1940, was on the trade union side. But all through those years he took an active, and indeed an increasingly decisive, part in the Labour Party. When the time came for him to enter Parliament and take office, it was a major shift in emphasis, but no more. He was already thoroughly familiar with the problems he had to deal with. Even when he went to the Foreign Office, he was not stepping into unknown territory: his experience in the international union movement and the ILO had given him a far more direct knowledge of the stuff of foreign affairs in a democratic age than most of his predecessors or successors.

Britain did not undergo, during Bevin's lifetime, the root-and-branch transformation that he originally hoped for, and never ceased to fight for. But transformed it certainly was, to a degree that in retrospect seems almost incredible. When Bevin first ran for the Bristol City Council, there was, as Mr. Bullock notes, "no unemployment insurance, no old age or widows' pensions, no free medical service: only the pawnshop or the hated poor relief stood between a family and destitution if misfortune befell them." The unions were still relatively weak: "As late as 1903 the government could set up a Royal Commission on Trade Disputes and Trade Combinations without inviting a single trade unionist to serve on it"; and in 1910, when Bevin's union career began, in both railways and shipping the employers still "flatly refused to negotiate with union representatives." Bevin had a good deal to do with ending all that.

\*THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ERNEST BEVIN, VOLUME I: Alan Bullock; Wm. Heinemann; pp. xiii and 672; \$10.50.

How did he do it?

First, by superlative organizing ability, in his own local union, in its parent Dockers' Union, in the Transport Workers' Federation, and in the mighty Transport and General Workers' Union which he created.

Second, by using to the full a first-rate practical mind. He was not an "intellectual," and he had precious little use for them. But he was a keen observer; he had an excellent memory; he had not only solid common sense but sense of relevance and sense of proportion. He never lost sight either of the wood or the trees. He could and did take the long view and the broad view, and he pursued his aims with notable tenacity, consistency and continuity; but he never lost his grasp of the immediate reality. He had also very great powers of clear, forceful expression; and he organized his facts and arguments as well as he organized his unions.

These qualities were perhaps best illustrated in his work before the Shaw inquiry. He had very little time to prepare a most complex case, in which his opponent was Sir Lynden Macassey, K.C., "who was acknowledged to be the most experienced counsel then practising in industrial cases." Bevin's opening speech lasted eleven hours, the whole of the first and second days and part of the third. He never once repeated himself or lost the thread of his argument. Of course he could not have done the thing at all without the help of his indefatigable secretary and the meagre but devoted staff of the Dockers' Union, who collected for him a multitude of detailed facts, indispensable to the success of his case. But, says Mr. Bullock, "it was Bevin alone who framed and marshalled his arguments, and produced the intellectual power and personality needed to drive the case home." Not for him the cheap and dishonest practice of "ghost-writing": he did his own work and made his own speech; and when he sat down, "there was spontaneous applause from all parts of the courtroom," besides expressions of admiration from the Chairman and the employers' counsel. Not less masterly were his cross-examination and his summing up. "The Dockers' K.C." had earned his title.

But chapter after chapter of the book reveals the same rare combination of gifts, all informed by an unquenchable passion for social justice, not only in Britain itself but throughout the world. That statement will probably be challenged by critics of his Palestine policy, some of whom are inclined to accuse him of anti-Semitism. The Palestine policy does not, of course, come into this book at all; but the charge of anti-Semitism does, and Mr. Bullock provides some cogent evidence against it. During the second Labour Government's period of office, the ordinarily safe Labour seat of Whitechapel fell vacant. This time it was far from safe, for the Government's White Paper on Palestine, notably its reservations on Jewish immigration, had roused the Zionists to fury, and Whitechapel had 7,000 Jewish voters. "To reassure the Zionists and placate the local Jewish vote, the Labour Party invited Bevin to stand." He refused, because his union duties were too heavy; but his union undertook to find a candidate, and Bevin set to work to win back the Jewish vote. After discussions with Jewish leaders, he bluntly told the Party that he shared the Jews' uneasiness about the White Paper, "and that, unless the Government were prepared to give reassurances, he would not be a party to a Union candidate

standing for election. Bevin's intervention, combined with equally emphatic protests from other friends of the Zionist cause, proved effective." By agreement with Jewish union representatives, he "put three specific questions to the Government to which he secured categorical," and satisfactory, answers; and the union candidate stood and was elected.

I began by calling this "a fascinating book about an amazing man." It is much more. It is a notable book about a very great man: a man who started life with no advantages, and indeed under a variety of severe handicaps; a man who gave his life to shaping a better world for the ordinary people from whom he sprang; a man who, by sheer force of mind and character, reached almost the highest position in the state, and left a lasting imprint on four decades of his country's history. He was an authentic product of the British working class; he never left it; he served it with single-minded devotion; and the progress that class has made in the last half-century is, in large degree, his monument.

EUGENE FORSEY

## Books Reviewed

THE DRUMS OF FATHER NED: Sean O'Casey; Macmillan; pp. 109; \$1.75.

*The Drums of Father Ned* (produced for the first time by the Lafayette Little Theatre, Indiana, in 1959) is the latest and perhaps most interesting example of O'Casey's unique mixture of fact and fancy, bubbling laughter and grave thought, hot Irish temper and serene human wisdom. The play starts with an Expressionist dream scene of the kind that made Yeats reject *The Silver Tassie* more than thirty years earlier and started the famed literary battle. The curtain rises on a burning town "outlined only in a dream-like way;" a "chant of misery and defiance" is heard in the distance. Against this uncanny background, two Irishmen—prisoners of an unidentified enemy in black and tan uniforms—prove in a "shockin' show-down of hatred" that their spite for each other is far stronger than their love for Ireland.

The three acts that follow deal with excited preparations in the bustling town of Doonsdale, which is about to celebrate the joyous feast of the Thostal. The probings into human nature that surge through the shadowy dream are, as it were, brought forth into the penetrating brightness of day, and viewed with an eye at once merciless and tolerant. The audience is likely to share Shaw's feelings at the performance of Ibsen's *Wild Duck*, when he looked on "with horror and pity . . . shaking with laughter all the time." Swept along on waves of merriment, the spectator tries in vain to cope with the serious problems that arise in the play.

The brilliantly timed hustle and bustle of the preparations centres around two prominent Doonsdale families. The fathers (known to us from the dream scene) are arch-enemies but share their business profits, the mothers are sisters and share their cleaning girl, the children are lovers and share their bed on weekends. Against this complex but very human background, the author provides delightful samples of human wisdom, ranging from disputes on religion in which Protestantism is said to rest "on a disgraceful, indecent attachment of a despicable English king for a loose woman," to discussions

on the mystery of life, defined as "gettin' all you can, holdin' what you have, doin' justice to your religious duties, an' actin' decent to your neighbour."

Behind the scenes Father Ned is moving about, confiscating cars for the Thostal or building up a new broadminded library. He is revered by the Doonsdalers but considered "the menace of humanity" by their fretting parish priest. "Go ahead . . . an' do things" is Father Ned's motto, echoed by his followers, whose voices increase in strength as the play progresses. Close to the end a mysterious call in the streets is attributed to Father Ned and the powerful roll of his drums dominates the stage as the curtain falls.

The sparkling realism of the play is thus framed between the nightmare of the first scene and the supernatural touch of the final moments. The invisible central character becomes a mysterious voice whose aim is "to wake up drowsy girl and drowsier boy" from narrowmindedness and petty spite, as the author promised in his introductory poem. The rousing sound—if one takes a hint from O'Casey himself—is that of "the drums of life", mingling their insistent beat with men's tears and laughter.

The play is not without weaknesses. Sometimes a character expresses a thought that clearly could not be his own. A high spirited housemaid, for example, muses on how man "can fade in quietness, and fall with the carelessness of satisfaction." In such cases, one can but hope for a sensitive actor who will be able to achieve that fine balance between a character's words and the author's mind that O'Casey demands. But these instances are much rarer than in the earlier dramas. Moreover, whereas formerly they tended to be personal, often angry comments, now they are outbursts of poetry which sweep away the dramatist, as Mercutio swept away Shakespeare with his Queen Mab.

O'Casey has provoked relatively little analysis. Critics move about him cautiously, referring to the contradiction of his "depressing necessity and . . . soaring . . . imagination," his "loftiness of spirit" coupled with his "bad temper," the way he "criticized and amused . . . at the same time." All these expressions reveal that critics are aware of the existence of two opposing forces in O'Casey's art, which demand that any critical comment be qualified as soon as it is made. Perhaps O'Casey's secret is that he catches the elusive rhythm of life, as Shakespeare did, and beats it out in his plays, now bursting into joyous song, born of fanciful imagination, now suddenly hoarse with the knowledge of darkness, dirt and death. And perhaps it is his image of life that makes critics shy of him, for they are conscious of the inadequacy of words to describe his magic.

MARKETA GOETZ

FUNCTION, PURPOSE AND POWERS: Dorothy Emmet; Macmillan; pp. 300; \$4.75.

I remember very much enjoying, some years ago, Miss Emmet's wise and constructive essay on *The Nature of Metaphysical Thinking*—at least it seemed a good book to my philosophically lay mind. I hoped for much light and guidance, therefore, from her present book "about some ways of thinking about societies . . ." (p. 1), the more so, since compassionately philosophic perspectives on the centrifugal abundance of sociological labors are surely badly needed. I was disappointed by Miss Emmet's claims, method and range, but encouraged by some

of the questions she posed and, hence, by some of the distinctions she suggests.

Actually this book is a thoroughly well written meditation on the virtues and limits of British social anthropology as these appear to a thoughtful reader whose ultimate concern is with ethics, religion and individual creativity. Miss Emmet begins with British social anthropology because "social anthropologists, unlike most other kinds of sociologists, are developing a fairly systematic framework of concepts" (p. 3).

She provides a circumspect account of the conceptual fundament of "structural" accounts as we have come to be given them by a distinguished line of adventurous scholars, including Radcliffe-Brown, Raymond Firth, Meyer Fortes, Max Gluckman and S. F. Nadel.

But in the back of her mind she is as well conversant with the ideas of a continental assortment of individuals. Misleadingly she refers to them as "philosophical sociologists" and gives as examples Weber, Simmel and Pareto. In the end they come to guide her more insistently than her initial mentors, for Miss Emmet is *concerned*—to borrow a term from the Quakers to whom she also often refers—with the mutual relations between ordinary routines and the demands that come from a life of heightened moral sensibility and commitment. She is discontented, as well she might be, with giving an account of social arrangements by referring the latter to the contributions they make to an on-going system. She would want to hold fast to the image of a social system with its roles and places, its moralities of station and duty. She would agree that our acts yield consequences that were not, could not have been, intended. In her view of "function" she omits, though, any extended discussion of the destructive consequences of social institutions. She makes function and purpose too continuous. This way she then opens the ground for the last part of her book devoted to purpose, power, and vocation. Miss Emmet wants to make room for the experienced fact that we set ourselves objectives which we seek to reach, that we have purposes which come to guide us in what we do. She wants us to take this seriously. But she could have started there in practice (and not just in presupposition) if she had been less insular, if she had begun with Durkheim, Freud, Nietzsche, Weber and Bergson or with the more recent sociological perspectives being fashioned in the United States.

Anyway, she introduces her major thesis with a discussion of the simultaneous possibility, in any society, of an open and a closed morality. Ultimately, Miss Emmet wants to link, in empirically useful ways, the theological notion of grace (which would include a "disinterested love of man for man") to an analysis of human activity. She proceeds with a chapter on symbols and rituals in which she seeks to be just to the conservative or responsive *and* to the promissory nature of symbolic acts and forms. They have social roots but they also help inspire conduct that could help transform social traditions. And here we come to the nub of Miss Emmet's interest. She wants to "fasten attention on creativeness rather than on social status and function." Actually, as we have seen, she sees function in far too narrow terms. Also she does not acknowledge that function and purpose are terms that allow one to link patterns of conduct to some wider coherence (be it a group or a personality or a society or some other "unit") or, in the case of purpose, to an authorship that is capable of imagining and intending the future.

However, her third term—power—comes ambiguously to stand for one *general condition* of human activity and social reciprocity as such and for a *particular kind* of human conduct. In her usage, Miss Emmet is concerned with power in the sense of vocation. She begins with the power to bless and curse and sees in it something special. She then goes on to become sceptical about the one explicit term that was meant to deal with special powers: Weber's notion of "charismatic authority," a notion meant to describe both a Hitler and a Christ. This is too "Teutonic" (p. 233) for Miss Emmet, though she quickly atones for this by urging upon her English colleagues to contemplate daemonic and other forms of greatness, even if this has been a preoccupation of German writers (p. 252). However, Weber, she argues, fails to distinguish between charismatic authority that primarily seeks to dominate and "the kind of charismatist who is able to strengthen the will power of the people he influences so that they make their own best effort in their own way," like the Old Testament prophets. Weber's distinction between exemplary and hortatory prophets would have been relevant but Miss Emmet leaves the prototypic prophets in pursuing the notion of vocation and turns instead—to Florence Nightingale. Why not? Except that I would have thought that domination was not beyond that lady. Still, vocation—an admittedly imprecise term, though a necessary one—stands for first-hand and creative contribution. It can reside in an individual.

It can also be attributed to a group: "I mean by this a group in which a vocational person finds himself part of a pattern of life with other people—in a college, for instance, or religious community" (p. 264). At one point Miss Emmet speaks of these groups and persons as "*aedificatory*." Throughout her account of them, however, she urges upon the scientific community that in future it pay much more attention both to the nature of vocational lives and arrangements and to the relations between "extraordinary" and "ordinary" people (p. 263). As a moral philosopher Miss Emmet is much interested in the old problem of "dual" (should it not be "plural"?) morality and in the standards that properly govern *diversely* gifted individuals. Unfortunately her explorations both of Florence Nightingale and of the collective life of the Benedictines are so brief as to be almost misleading. At least to me they seemed much too gentle. Surely it is precisely when one is concerned with enhancing the opportunities for the tender or creative dispositions in life and society that one must go strongly into the dialectic strains which bind the great to the small and leave the books of the moral economy forever unbalanced. Miss Emmet really wants to see a society in which vocational persons exist and in which they also respect purpose and function. She is against overpowering tradition and against romanticism. She wants our thought—and our practice—to have more room for individuals who cannot easily be replaced, who are not driven, *a tergo*, by custom, who feel for the new but whose commitment to it does not degenerate into coercive dominion over their more fearful or less gifted contemporaries. Miss Emmet believes that there is room for "respect for vocation within the framework of functional organization." She ends by looking in two directions: urging social science to study vocation and moral philosophy to align its analyses with the already abundant findings about life in society. Surely the study of moral judgments apart from the study of social institu-

tions and individual life cycles no longer makes sense. The desirable, the actual and the possible must be examined together. But why did Miss Emmet end rather than begin there?

KASPAR D. NAEGELE

**LINES FOR THE LAST DAY:** John Robert Colombo; Hawkshead Press, 78A Dale Avenue, Toronto; p. 1; 50c.

Hawkshead Press has certainly been responsible for broadsheeting the Canadian literary scene lately with the well designed and the well printed. Poetry should come at the public in a blizzard of all shapes and sizes and until Hawkshead came along the most easily assimilable shape—the inexpensive stray leaf—was not with us. We had only the hard covered and the mimeographed shapes of poetry.

Mr. Colombo has of course bitten off a simply enormous and terrific subject. Instead of trying to imitate it directly as Revelation St. John does he turns sideways to Doomsday and lets the horror come through the humor and a persistent rhythmic lack of agitation. "The Appearance of Angels" is my favorite and it is a model of how to describe the indescribable. The huge drawing by W. Kurelek that holds the poems together very ingeniously isn't half horrifying enough. Altogether a Halloween present and something to pin over bulletin boards just to watch the jaws drop.

J. R.

**LOST DIMENSION:** Fred Cogswell; Outposts Publications; pp. 12; \$3.00.

On the publication of another, and larger, collection of poems, Fred Cogswell complained that reviewers had not always caught the full implications of his work. That, of course, is entirely possible—but in this new, rather slight chapbook there seem all too few implications to catch. This is sad, because the writer's earlier verse, of "The Stunted Strong" and others in his area of New Brunswick, had many implications indeed. It also had a force and irony, a compassion, and frequently a sureness of word and phrase that make the eighteen poems in "Lost Dimension" seem desiccated.

While it is always dangerous to make guesses about how any piece of work was written, these poems give an impression of having been turned out too facily. The earlier verse imparted a feeling of emergence from a creative travail akin to the struggles and agonies of which it told. But here we get something like "After":

With the sun's kiss to warm  
My body there,  
And the wind's cool charm  
To finger my hair,

Still shall I lie,  
And covet no lass—  
Sky-loved . . . when I  
Am sand and grass.

It just seems all too easy—and too unoriginal.

"Sweet Hay" and "The Garden Day" are two of the better poems, stronger and surer probably because they are more specific: "the sweat of regret and the thistle of sin" are nearer the old Cogswell. But a page or two

away we read, "He stood alone on the empty peak. Underneath the mocking stars, And knew at last how right they were." Possibly the flat banality of the lines is intended as style-to-suit-the-sense, emphasizing the general futility of the poem's (again not very original) idea. If so, I don't think it works.

It is impossible to resist making the obvious use of the title of the book and hope that the lost dimension in Dr. Cogswell's work will quickly be found, because current Canadian poetry is weaker without it.

ANNE MARRIOTT

**CLEA:** Lawrence Durrell; British Book Service; pp. 281; \$3.75.

In *Clea* Durrell brings the Alexandrian Quartet of novels to its summing up. As he explains in the preface to *Balthazar*, his characters are "deployed spatially" and only in *Clea* have they moved on in time.

The word kaleidoscopic has been much overworked in connection with these novels, for it fails to suggest not only the wholeness of the characters but our changing view as we move around them from one book to the next. The protagonists do repeat certain patterns of behaviour, moving around one another as they do so rather in the manner of a dance figure and in this case it is a love dance. This involves an element of repetitiousness but of the sort that life provides in its variations within the pattern. It is in this that the wonderful verisimilitude lies. In *Clea* we have come full circle through *Balthazar* and *Mountolive* from *Justine*, and since the end of the action was implied in the beginning the first and the last volumes are the most similar.

He might have called *Clea* "Reflections on an Alexandrian Venus." It opens with Darley, a secondary character hitherto, a not yet successful writer who now becomes the first person singular, leaving his exile on one of the Greek islands to return to his beloved city of Alexandria and those of his friends who are still alive after the violent events which go before. The Second World War is on and the French fleet is impounded in the harbour. Here the writer paints a marine landscape unmatched in recent letters.

Durrell's superb sense of place is a fruitful source of poetry in these novels. The city of Alexandria itself is the chief "character" imposing as it does its atmosphere, its customs, its mystique upon his long list of fantastics. From this sense too arise the set pieces which are the ornament and the high point of the writing. The harbor, the house of Nessim hung between earth and sky, between Arab and European, between past and present. The grotto where the lovers swim in *Clea*. This evocation of "the mythopoeic reference which underlies fact" is what really distinguishes these novels, and not the elaborate Time Theory as the writer would have us believe. From *Justine*: "What is resumed in the word Alexandria? Five races, five languages, a dozen creeds; five fleets turning through their greasy reflections behind the harbor bar. But there are more than five sexes and only demotic Greeks seem to distinguish among them." Thus the leitmotif of the first volume. From *Clea*: "the only city which for me always hovers between illusion and reality, between substance and poetic images which its very name aroused in me." And

again, the harbor: "Framed by the colored domes there lay feluccas and lateen-rig giassas, wine-caigues, schooners and brigantines of every shape and size, from all over the Levant. An anthology of masts and spars and haunting Aegean eyes; of names and rigs and destinations. They lay there coupled to their reflections with the sunlight on them in a deep water trance." There are many longer and more elaborate passages which would illustrate this point but for which space is not available here.

What he really explores, of course, is personality and by means of an arresting and complex technique which can only be understood by reading the series in order. Certainly there is nothing new about the style, and the "events" are decidedly old-fashioned cloak-and-dagger stuff. For Durrell's characters, Sartre and Company have never lived. His people dwell upon the wilder shores of Love, and Life for them, though sometimes sordid, sex-ridden and uncertain, is something to be celebrated. For some of us it is a refreshing change from the cold-water-flat-where-we-whine-about-fate school of novels.

There is also his humor. What if Scobie's glass eye does wink at him from the curate beside his scruffy bed in the Arab quarter? He is to transcend his sordid surroundings, his Tendencies, his bath-tub whisky and his bald head to become El Scob, confused forever in the minds of his poor Arab friends with a local holy man and to be elevated to minor sainthood. This is surely the most hilarious apotheosis in the English novel to date, and one would have to go back to Dickens to find a grotesque of Scobie's stature.

Consider his women characters. Justine, the scheming verago, semitic Circe, warm and cold, a dark-browed Queen of Spades ambiguous in love and destructive in her affections. She who uses lovers as pawns and sacrifices them to her power lust will be disbelieved only by those who have never had the misfortune to know such a woman. She is of course colored by her exotic surroundings but she is none the less Real. He is not quite as successful with Clea, who is intended to be her opposite. Blonde, gentle, pure of heart, it is with this woman that Darley at last realizes a mature relationship, but though he identifies himself with her as artist it is here the weakness lies. The woman artist is not so feminine. She could not be. It is an interesting side note that he visits his more bizarre punishments upon the women of his cast. Clea loses her hand, a sacrifice to the world of the flesh, Leila loses her beauty, Melissa, Darley's pitiful first love, dies young, and Liza is blind. No doubt Durrell's analysts could make something of this.

These notes only begin to scratch the surface of Durrell's treasure house. Though *Clea* is not as powerful as the preceding books it, like them, is alive with poetry, wit and intelligence. Some may find Pursewarden's opinions pompous and the note-book somewhat tedious and contrived, but this device has been used before to present the philosophic comment on the action and there is much here to offset its weakness. Pursewarden on the English intellectuals: "For them sex is either a Gold Rush or a Retreat from Moscow."

The themes, counter-themes and variations are in a sense Proustian, the influence of the city on its inhabitants will be called Joycean, but they are used in Durrell's own way, and, while he cannot be classed with

these masters, he has added a dimension to recent novel-writing.

If you are of a cool classical outlook he is not your man. These books are uneven, they reek with violence, sex, intrigue, politics, death and disfigurement. There is nothing gentle or bloodless about them. But he has grappled with Time, "that ailment of the human psyche," and with the riddle of Personality, that shifting, changing illusion and with considerable success. He has also packed enough action into his stories to make a dozen movies.

HILDA KIRKWOOD

REINHOLD NIEBUHR ON POLITICS: edited by Harry R. Davis and Robert C. Good; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 364; \$7.75.

If Reinhold Niebuhr had set out, a few years ago, to write a "Nature and Destiny of Politics" it would probably have been somewhat similar to the volume edited by Harry R. Davis and Robert C. Good and entitled, *Reinhold Niebuhr on Politics*. This is no mere compendium of Niebuhr's political thought. Nor is it a collection of his writings presented as a eulogy. It is rather an integrated whole, made up of excerpts from Niebuhr's voluminous output of books and articles. The excerpts have been selected with discrimination and woven together with sympathetic skill to present Niebuhr's mature political thought and its basis. Emphasis is upon the relevance of this thought to the problems of the United States and the western world in the present.

Most of the book's strengths and weaknesses thus stem from the writings of Niebuhr rather than from the work of the editors. However, this does not make the book as good as it might have been had it been an original work. The overlapping of ideas and arguments, acknowledged by the editors, is not a serious flaw for it is, to some extent, characteristic of Niebuhr's own style. There are also at least a few passages which seem curiously out of date. More serious is the occasional hiatus which would not have been so likely to occur in an original work. An example is the absence of any specific reference to foreign economic ventures by American private enterprise in the section dealing with the problems faced by the United States as the leading power in the non-Communist world. One cannot imagine Niebuhr ignoring a matter so pertinent, especially as one remembers the enormous contribution he made to the clarification of the problems of industrial America in the 1930's.

The book is divided into three main sections. The first deals with the contemporary crisis, the likenesses and differences between Communism and the liberalism still prevalent in the western world as working theory or as the root of present disillusionment, and the relation of this crisis to the fundamental problem of man as social and political being. In the second and longest section the question of the nature of politics is presented, those who assume that history can be reduced to nature are refuted, and the relevance of Christianity to the theory and practice of politics is considered. The final section is devoted to essays on particular contemporary problems facing the United States internally and internationally. Most of the material is taken from works published during the last two decades with a preponderance of recent writings in the third section.

Niebuhr is at his best as analyst and critic and this

is reflected in the perception and pungency of most of the writing in the first two sections. The editors have done a real service in bringing together this material, much of it from sources not readily available to any except students. It is of permanent value as a plumb line for assessing particular political policies and the rationales mouthed in their support. Niebuhr's stature is secure, as the prophet who reawakened much of Protestant and secular America to the fact of sin, in particular the sin of self-righteousness, to which Christians as well as others are so often prone, corporately as well as individually.

The third section is not nearly so stimulating. Perhaps this is partly because it deals with problems which are very close and the reader tends to expect more guidance than he gets. But there are other reasons. Niebuhr, who has such a sure hand when he points to a particular manifestation of the sinfulness of man and relates it to the human condition, does not have the same touch when he attempts to give leadership for creative action.

Far ahead of his time, as far as North America is concerned, Niebuhr rejected the utopianism of the liberals who thought the Kingdom of God was just around the corner. But he banishes the Kingdom or Kingship of God to the end of history. He says that in Christianity is found "a sense of serenity and a freedom from hysteria in an insecure world full of moral frustrations. We have to do our duty for a long time in a world in which there will be no guarantee of security and in which no duty can be assured the reward of success." But he does not connect this with the realized eschatology which, in the New Testament, complements and balances the final eschatology of the goal of history. He says, "Repent," but he does not say, "The time is fulfilled."

Perhaps it is his deep awareness of the terrible peril of self-righteousness that inhibits him from stating bluntly that God has acted in history to do something about man's sinfulness and this must be effective in history or not at all, that the Kingship of God has entered history and that life under this kingship, faltering and in constant need of renewal, will inevitably involve the cross. He sees so clearly that sin is at its most dangerous in groups, but he does not see, or at any rate acknowledge, the New Testament witness that the Holy Spirit works most effectively in groups. Obviously, if the Holy Spirit is left out of consideration the imperative of the Gospel becomes the "impossible possibility" which is no longer imperative. Man is left to muddle through on his own, far too free to say, "I'm only human," demanding little of himself and expecting little from himself and little from the power of God.

Reinhold Niebuhr on *Politics* has much to commend it to Canadian readers' thoughtful consideration. Some will delight in the perceptive analysis of the ills of the United States. Those who think more deeply may consider Canadian attitudes, in particular those towards that nation which often seem very like the irresponsible self-righteousness of the United States when Britain was the world's greatest power. Those who find inadequate the articulation of the basis for the Christian's confidence and for the call to repentance might well remember the life as well as the writings of Reinhold Niebuhr.

HELEN MILTON

THE VIKINGS: Johannes Brondsted; translated from the Danish by Estrid Bannister-Good; Penguin Books (Pelican series A459); pp. 319; \$1.00.

When this book appeared in the Pelican series earlier in the year, there existed in English no elementary account published within the previous forty-seven years of the Scandinavian sea-raiders who terrorized the maritime nations of Western Europe and the British Isles from the end of the eighth century until well into the eleventh. In some respects, notably structure and style, the little introductory volume by Professor Allen Mawer published in 1913 had never been equalled, but much of the information it contained had been superseded. Sir T. H. Kendrick's *A History of the Vikings*, published in 1930, was a first-rate chronicle of the events of the era, but provided only brief sketches of Viking society, religion and art. Its similarly compendious treatment of the period's archaeology was soon out-dated. G. Turville-Petre's *The Heroic Age of Scandinavia*, which appeared as recently as 1951, was a good outline of "the lives and thoughts of the Norsemen at home." This was, however, history with a distinctly literary bias, long on the written records and short on other forms of evidence. Various histories of the peoples plagued by the Norse depredations, such as R. H. Hodgkin's *A History of the Anglo-Saxons*, and special works like Sir Charles Oman's *A History of the Art of War in the Middle Ages*, shed valuable sidelights on the main subject. Yet nowhere, before the translation of Dr. Brondsted's book, was it possible to find an up-to-date English introduction between two covers.

Penguin Books evidently aimed at meeting this need. That the attempt was not completely successful in a volume of just under 300 pages is hardly surprising; Kendrick required over 400 to cover only a part of the subject. But restrictions of space are not the only explanation of the unsatisfactory character of Dr. Brondsted's book in its English edition. Its parts are very unequal, and minor errors and eccentricities are numerous enough to make it disappointing on this score alone.

An archaeologist and historian of art, the author is most successful in his discussion of the archaeological and cultural aspects of his subject. The chapters entitled "Weapons and Tools," "Dress and Ornament," "Transportation," "Towns, Earthworks, and Camps" and "Coins, and Weights and Measures" are by far the most informative in the book. I do not believe that the reconstructions of the towns of Hedeby, Slesvig, Birka and Sigtuna or of the Danish fortified camps at Trelleborg, Aggerborg, Fyrkat and Odense have been equalled in any readily available English work. Much the same is true of the description of the *Danewirke*, the great wall of earth that defended the base of the Jutland peninsula from the ninth century on. The chapter on Viking art, unfortunately, falls short of this standard because the subject is too complex to be summarized, as here, in a mere nine pages. (Compression of this sort results in such statements as that "Anglo-Saxon decorative art was partly derived with little sign of originality from the Irish.")

The accounts of dress and weapons in Chapters 6 and 7 and, in Chapter 8, of the Norse ships, contain no mention of a number of archaeological evidences that could help correct false ideas of the appearance and behaviour of the Vikings engendered by several hundred years of unbridled romantic speculation. To take an example: Most of us will remember our childhood idea of Vikings as blond giants wearing horned or winger helmets. I have not been able to discover the origin of this notion.

Sir Thomas Kendrick, in a not unnatural reaction against its full absurdity, stated flatly that, whatever the Norsemen wore on their helmets, it was not "the funny wings or horns of the picture-book vikings." All the evidence seemed to support this view—until one saw a reproduction of a tapestry fragment from the Oseberg ship-burial, depicting a group of warriors among whom towered a figure wearing head-gear that looked very like the horned helm of the popular imagination. The royal helmet found at Sutton Hoo, which is thought to be of Swedish provenance, is ornamented with panels portraying warlike figures, one of which seems to be wearing a great head-piece surmounted by horns or wings. We know that the Celts wore helmets crested, horned and otherwise bizarrely adorned. And there is more evidence of the same kind in Swedish museums. Is it any longer possible to say, with Kendrick, that the Norsemen *never* wore helmets resembling the popular conception? No doubt these flamboyant fighters decked themselves out in any manner that suited their individual tastes. But on this score Dr. Brondsted is silent.

The account of Viking burials in Western Europe and in the regions of Russia settled by the Swedes are more convincing than the author's attempt to elucidate the beliefs of the Scandinavian heathens. This is, I think, the first popular book in English to incorporate generous selections from the reports of Arab travellers of the tenth century who encountered the "Rus" folk along the great rivers of Southern Russia. Several useful passages from the eleventh century German cleric Adam of Bremen are quoted concerning the social habits and religious practices of the southern Swedes of his day.

Dr. Brondsted attempts little more than a superficial gloss of the stories of the gods from the *Poetic* and *Prose Eddas*. Though he is obviously sceptical as to the extent of the correspondence between the Eddic tales and the actual beliefs of the pre-Christian Norsemen, he does not manage to uncover the reality behind the literary versions nor does he try to relate the Norse pantheon to those of other peoples at the same stage of culture. Here, as elsewhere, the author's approach can be extremely elliptical. For example, what reader not already familiar with that curious cosmological conception *Gimle*, the ultimate Norse heaven, could make anything out of the single reference in this book: "Yet hope survives (Ragnarok, 'The Twilight of the Gods'). The earth rises again from the ocean. The two guiltless Aser gods, Balder and Hoder, return and on the golden *Gimle* the sinless live on"?

Except for a sketch of the *Danevirke*, there are no maps—a serious omission, since it is unlikely that many readers will be familiar enough with the geography, medieval or modern, of the Scandinavian countries and Iceland to locate with the mind's eye names such as Bornholm, Fyn, Jelling, Myvatn, Uppland, Vestfold, and many others casually mentioned in the text. The twenty-four pages of photographs, on the other hand, are well chosen and illustrate the chapters on archaeology and art admirably.

The historical outline provided in the early chapters is overcondensed and, besides being very dull reading, is shot through with inaccuracies. Thus, Dr. Brondsted refers to the period of "the Gothic migration" as "c.500." He states that the early English writers called the Vikings *Dani*, whereas the chief chronicles, composed, of

course, in Old English, regularly employed the appropriate terms *Dene*, *Denisca* and *Noroxmen*; Asser used simply *pagani*. Iceland at the time of the settlement is described as "treeless"—yet we know that over 3,000 square miles of the island were forested at that period. The Indians encountered by the Norse discoverers of North America are four times referred to as "Scarlings." How this odd form was derived from the Icelandic *Skraelingjar* is difficult to imagine; it might, of course, be a misprint, but the editorial confusion of the book is such that one cannot be sure.

A new elementary book on the Vikings was needed, and is needed still. Dr. Brondsted has admittedly provided the layman with much information of value and interest he could not easily find elsewhere in English. He has also omitted a great deal and distorted more. Kendrick, Mawer and Turville-Petre will continue to share the honors very evenly with him.

PATRICK GILLAN

THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES: Harry Brown; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 362; \$5.00.

Harry Brown wastes no time in making it clear that his western is meant to be taken seriously. There is the lengthy Biblical quotation, to begin with, Judges V, 18-22. Following this, the short opening chapter describes the setting in over-ripe prose, and ends with this statement of theme:

... on a yellow Sunday ... certain pale threads, drawn out from dark hidden places, began to be wound inexorably together in an almost casual warping, until there had been wrought, out of such tenuous white and fleeting things, a taut trip-wire for the souls of men, destined, before its mindless work was done, to bring many tall sure riders down to earth, and below.

The "dark hidden places" are the recesses of human nature; "pale threads" refers to the behaviour of the men and women in the story—pale, to contrast the ordinary human weaknesses and errors at the beginning of the novel with the current of destruction into which they later merge.

Having thus frightened off the western fans who seek bald diversion, Harry Brown settles down to a narrative of pride and strife among ranchers in New Mexico, on the eastern flank of the Rockies. The cast of characters is large and varied. All are psychologically credible, and have considerably more flesh on their bones than those in a formula western. But they are too neatly turned and manipulated to give a sense of real and spontaneous action. In addition, though the plot is worked out as precisely as a graph, story and theme are never really integrated. The narrative loses impact and is frequently tedious.

The years which Harry Brown spent writing for films have left their mark. This novel, complete with theme-song provided in several pages of ballad-rhythm prose, cries out for the screen as its proper medium. It will undoubtedly be made into a film one day, and then perhaps the characters will be realized in depth. Inspired direction could make of the screen treatment the powerful and universal tragedy Mr. Brown so obviously intended his novel to be.

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